



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

### Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

### About Google Book Search

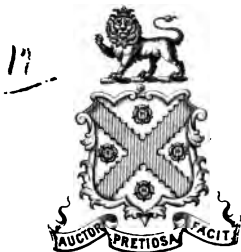
Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>

NYPL RESEARCH LIBRARIES



3 3433 07602117 3

LEDOX LIBRARY



Dugckinck Collection.  
Presented in 1878.









# CHILDE HARVARD;

A

ROMANCE OF CAMBRIDGE.

---

BY

SEÑOR ALGUNO.

---

Imagination; honorable aims; ;  
Free commune with the choir that cannot die;  
Science and song; delight in little things;  
The buoyant child surviving in the man.

S. T. COLERIDGE.

BOSTON:  
PRINTED FOR THE AUTHOR.

---

1848.



Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1848, by  
H. P. CARLTON,  
in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the District of Massachusetts.



## DEDICATION.

---

Not with the vain hope of adding any new glory to those, who already stand high on the summit of the Popocatpetl of North American literature; not to forestall any favorable review, which he may not merit; not to deprecate any sarcastic criticisms, which every work deserves that is not perfect; — but simply to testify his unfeigned respect and admiration of those men, who have justly rendered classic ground, the world over, the scenes which the following Poem describes; —

IT IS AFFECTIONATELY DEDICATED  
TO THE

EDITOR OF THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW  
AND HIS ILLUSTRIOUS COADJUTORS;

SECONDLY — TO THE  
MEMBERS OF THE CLASS OF 1848,  
OF THE UNIVERSITY AT CAMBRIDGE,  
IN WHOSE GRADUATING YEAR THE CHILDE WAS BORN;

AND, THIRDLY — TO  
CHILDE HARVARD HIMSELF;  
BY THE AUTHOR,  
SEÑOR ALGUNO.



## PRELUDE.

---

### OHÙSHMYCHILD.

THE shades of night had fallen fast,  
As through the Cambridge streets there past  
A maiden, with a basket swung  
Upon her arm ; but still she sung,  
Ohùshmychild !

Her brow was sad ; her eye beneath  
Flashed like a falchion from its sheath,  
And, like a whispering angel's, rung  
The accents of that unknown tongue,  
Ohùshmychild !

In Harvard halls she saw the light  
Of students' chambers glimmering bright ;  
Onward she pressed through dew and dust,  
Still whispering to her helpless trust,  
Ohùshmychild !

" Try not the pass ! " the watchman said ;  
" Bright stars are gazing overhead,  
Dark Charles's torrent is deep and wide ! "  
And low that whispering voice replied,  
Ohùshmychild !

" O, stay," the Goody said, " and rest  
Thy weary head upon this breast ! "  
A tear stood in her bright blue eye,  
But still she answered with a sigh,  
Ohùshmychild !

" Beware the Proctor's watchful eye !  
Beware the awful Faculty ! "  
This was " Ma'am D——'s " last good-night ;  
A voice replied, far out of sight,  
Ohùshmychild !

The ghost of Harvard on the blast  
Wailed as the mournful maiden passed ;  
The church bell sounded ; with a jump  
She whispered, hastening to the pump,  
Ohùshmychild !

There, in the cold and silent shade,  
Her weeping load she weeping laid ;  
But, ere she went, she kissed the child,  
And murmured low, in accents wild,  
Ohùshmychild !

Again she turned, and bending o'er  
The babe, she kissed it as before ;  
But when a footstep sounded far,  
Her voice fell like a falling star,  
Ohùshmychild !



.

.

.

# CHILDE HARVARD;

A

## ROMANCE OF CAMBRIDGE.

---

### CANTO I.

"When the deserted babe is left to lie,  
Far from the woful mother's lost caress,  
Under the broad cope of the solemn sky."

MRS. NORTON'S "NEW-BORN CHILD."

"Childe (Harvard) was he hight; but whence his name  
And lineage long? \* \* \* \* \*  
Suffice it, that perchance they were of fame,  
And had been glorious in another day;  
But one sad losel soils a name for aye."

BYRON'S "CHILDE HAROLD."

#### I.

NANCY, 't is true, was a voluptuous girl :

It proved her ruin, (though perhaps 't were better  
Not to have told of it, before the whirl

Of love's begiddy maelstrom slowly let her  
Down to destruction, and "the gentle reader"  
Into the marvellous secret; yet to have freed her,



## II.

At first, from all surmisings, is, I fancy, —  
And even herself would willingly confess it, —  
The very fairest way to treat frail Nancy :  
Besides, a tale, that all good men may bless it,  
Should have a moral end ; this tale of mine  
Has such, and written in the second line ;

## III.

*It proved her ruin.*) How this came to pass,  
Attended by what wonderous circumstances,  
How the great secret was divulged, alas !  
And how Childe Harvard, left to take his chances,  
Screamed under the college pump, I sing. — Beware,  
Maidens, of students, as you would a bear !

## IV.

Heaven forbid that I should insinuate  
Any thing that 's at all derogatory  
To any of the Students of the great  
" University at Cambridge ! " No ! her glory  
Shines like a constellation off Cape Hope,  
Seen through the Observatory telescope.

## V.

(Which telescope the Faculty have voted  
That every student, before he graduate,  
May look through *once*, two minutes being devoted  
To each ; wherein, 't is said, they speculate,  
On all the stary host, excepting Venus,  
Which star they deem ruled by an evil genius.)

## VI.

I said, beware of Students ! not pretending,  
Dear girls, that there is any the least connection  
Between them and this tragedy's mournful ending :  
No, never ! — With what virtuous circumspection  
They walk, (no less from love than self-restraint,)  
Demands an Everett's classic brush to paint,

## VII.

Not mine. But I advise you not so much for  
Your sakes — and yet I would not hurt you, no,  
Not for the world, nor all that misers clutch, nor  
Bury in vaults, nor spoils of Mexico,  
When Polk victorious, like an ocean billow,  
Returns, — “ Scott-free ” — with volunteers and Pillow —

## VIII.

But girls, beware of them for their own sakes. —  
    (And can I urge a stronger argument ?) —  
Oh ! if you only knew, what fools it makes  
    Of students, when their thoughts have once been bent  
On you — that is, when you have caught them by  
“ Bishops,” words, smiles, and a *galvanic* eye —

## IX.

And all those other charms, you girls know how to  
    Display with such a marvellous effect,  
That, should the luckless student only bow to  
    You, as you sail along the street direct-  
Ly by him, bowing back in turn and blushing,  
It sends the blood through every artery gushing

## X.

Up to his brain ; where, like *delirium tremens*,  
    It sets the thoughts in eddying whirlpools whirling !  
Homeward he rushes, and the strength of three men's  
    Arms could not hold him, for the imaged girl in  
His eye, stamped on the retina, stays there still,  
Like the sun's image, contrary to his will,

## XI.

And drives him mad. Now, girls, in that condition,

You must know, 't is impossible to pursue  
His studies : even to save him from perdition

He cannot get "the advance," forgets "the review,"  
And wails in righteous indignation then ;  
"*Oh ! curse of woman on her fellow-men !*"

## XII.

Nor is this all. When that delirium passes

Away, exhaustion follows, and a *lassitude*,  
(This word was probably derived from *lasses*,)

And on his sofa he takes recumbent attitude,  
And gently falls asleep, wasting his time  
In effeminate dreams, voluptuous and sublime.

## XIII.

Perhaps it may not be *amiss* ; (it was though

A *miss*, I dreamed about, *mysterious* as it  
May seem to those who know me) it will also

Make "the world better" — as the good man has it —  
"For our having lived," and so forth, if we clearly  
Relate a dream ; 't will please the ladies dearly : —

## XIV.

Well, then, when I was an under-graduate,  
    (For I was young once ; all old people have been,)  
Studying at a University in the State  
    Of Massachusetts, (that word 's like a *spavin*  
To any sort of feet ; it spoils a verse's,  
Hissing, as when a tailor his "goose" immerses ;)

## XV.

"I had a dream, which was not all a dream ;  
    'T was partly real and partly 't was a vision ;  
Or 't may be, — since "things are not as they seem," —  
    That my freed spirit stalked through fields Elysian,  
While this my body slept ; as Paul was "caught up  
To the third Heavens," (but how he never thought up,)

## XVI.

"And heard unspeakable things ;" and therefore never  
    Spoke them to men : perhaps the dialect  
Of angels somewhat puzzled the old Hebrew, — clever  
    Although he was, — so that he could 'nt detect  
Their meaning. — *My* dream was of angels, though  
One *fallen*, the other born down here — below :

---

## XVII.

That is ; one of them was a student (and they,  
Of course, are "devils ! young devils ;" now devils surely  
Are angels fallen, which proves as clear as day,  
That this point is forever fixed securely ;  
One *was* an angel) the other was a creature  
Of most angelic form and heavenly feature :

## XVIII.

Men call such, angels, houris, diamonds, flowers ;  
In fine, they call them almost every thing,  
That dwells on earth, or in the fancied bowers  
Of bliss ; that walks, that soars on bird-like wing  
In air or ether, or cleaves the crystal waters —  
I call them simply Eve's and Adam's daughters,

## XIX.

Angels of Earth ; and, when I please to flatter,  
Sometimes I tell them that they look like me ;  
Which tickles them so, that they begin to scatter  
Praises and compliments ; " Oh ! yes, you be  
A perfect Apollo ! splendid ! no mistake ! " —  
And think ; " what a glorious husband he would make ! "

## XX.

'Tis strange how I can read the thoughts of people, —  
And more especially the thoughts of lasses : —  
I never pretend to ; no — but when a steeple  
Towers up above the trees, it needs no glasses  
To *guess* that there is a meeting-house below  
Long ere we see the people come, or go.

## XXI.

I never intended to compare, of course,  
Ladies to steeples, nor to meeting-houses, —  
And yet they are a most attractive force  
Church-ward, when young and not yet turned to spouses :  
Earth-angel-peacocks, they one day in seven  
Draw wayward souls into *the road* to Heaven !

## XXII.

'Twas early Tuesday noon, — I should have said so  
At first, before I spoke about the dream ;  
Strange that I did 'nt, because I always dread so  
To tell that vision ('t would make an angel scream !)  
That I should, surely, gladly interpose  
Some stanzas 'twixt the first act and the close : —

## XXIII.

'T was early Tuesday noon, the second of May  
Over Harvard halls — that antique home of science  
In this New World. 'T was Exhibition day ! —  
How my heart swells to bid the world defiance,  
Even at the thought of those young, pregnant hours  
Of bliss, when earth itself seemed paved with flowers !

## XXIV.

Long had the crowd been gathering, and at last  
"The Chapel" was crammed ; the bell has ceased, and lo !  
The "Brigade Band" pours forth a melodious blast  
Above the pulpit ; — now with lofty, slow  
And measured tread, like warrior-gods extolled,  
In stalk the Faculty, the young, the old,

## XXV.

The short, the tall, the lean, the fat, the learn'd  
And . . . took their seats, like other men ; for they  
Must sit, of course. The eagle, who hath spurn'd  
The nebulous fields beneath his wings, all day,  
Descends at night ; even thus, say once a quarter,  
The Faculty sit down, just where they ought to,



## XXVI.

In "Freshman seats," and even condescend  
To bow to students! — Now the music stopping,  
Silence prevails; such as, when earth shall end,  
Will probably precede; even the dropping  
Of a pin, nay! I had almost ventured to  
Say, you might hear "the voice of conscience" too. —

## XXVII.

But hark! breezes, be still! and all ye birds, —  
Or we will have you "taken up" for *treeson*! —  
Listen! O list! — Those were melodious words! —  
Sweet sound! such as the soul would gladly seize on  
And hold forever in its tympanum shell! —  
'T would charm the gods, and soothe the shades of hell!

## XXVIII.

"Expectatur ... oratio ... in ... lingua ...  
Latina ..." — Whence? came they from mortal lips, —  
Those mystic words, — or some invisible singer?  
'Tis *he*: behold him where he looms, like ships  
Refracted in the clouds; — *that classic form*  
Of Phidian marble, only, breathing, warm!

## XXIX.

But, hold! — Behind him, on its ponderous hinges  
Parts the wide door ; thither a thousand burning  
Glances are focused : marvel not, it sings  
And dazzles and dyes the young man's features, turning  
Them various hues : a thousand scorching rays  
From maidens' eyes would make an ice-house blaze !

## XXX.

He comes ! a tall, majestic youth, advancing,  
Like a triumphant march in ancient Roma,  
With lion heart resolved to stem the glancing  
Of beauteous eyes : even thus, in days of Homer  
And the heroic ages, raised on high  
Their gleaming swords, chiefs met the embattled enemy.

## XXXI.

He bows ; — it thunders ! — clap on clap resounding !  
The galleries ring reiterated thunder ! —  
He bows ; — like legions of wild devils pounding  
On Chaos' back, stamp follows stamp !—Strange wonder,  
That students, stairs, studs, seats and plastering, all,  
Should not upon the assembled bonnets fall,

## XXXII.

In terrible ruin ! — cracking skulls and bones  
And arms, and shins and spines and necks and livers  
And lungs and hearts ! — I hear the dying groans  
Of men and maidens, and behold red rivers  
Of human gore ! Revolting sight ! — I trust,  
As it always has, 't will always end *in dust* !

## XXXIII.

Ere long, the cloud subsided ; and he stood,  
Like Cæsar, “ at the base of Pompey’s statue,”  
Gazing upon the assembled multitude,  
And raised his arm, as though about to pat you,  
And spake strange words ; (and yet they seemed to please  
The maidens) “ *Oh ! formosæ virgines !* ”

## XXXIV.

Now high, now low, now fearful, wild and tragic  
Speaks he. The pulpit now, now shakes the forum  
Fearfully near the edge, as if 't were magic  
Only that held him back from tumbling o'er them ! —  
'T is done — Like Hamlet’s father’s spirit past  
He from the stage : loud plaudits swell the blast.

## XXXV.

Again that clear-toned voice above the crowd ;  
Again loud thunder ; and again another,  
Though less majestic and less meekly proud,  
With curly locks and silken gown (his mother  
Was there) appears ; — his voice loud as the breeze,  
Clear as the sky ; — a young Demosthenes :

## XXXVI.

He ends ; like plaudits waft him from the forum.  
And yet another appears, "A Latin Version,"  
And waves an unknown sceptre gently o'er them :  
His gown, as when the Eunuch's from immersion  
Came forth baptized, hung meekly around his heels ; —  
He spake ; he ended amidst tempestuous peals ! —

## XXXVII.

These two were Juniors. — But of loftier mien,  
Behold ! a Senior comes ; his eagle eye  
Aimed at the clouds : his glossy locks between  
His shoulders hung, like sun-set drapery ;  
Him eyed the maidens, him the matrons, him  
Fathers and Faculty. Strange fancies swim

## XXXVIII.

Through every brain, and expectation faints

Expectant : — hark ! those lips begin their motion,  
First softly tranquil, like the prayer of saints ;

Now, like the increasing flames, or waves of ocean  
Before the earthquake shock, swells the loud theme,  
Resplendent as an Hebrew Poet's dream.

## XXXIX.

"Ah ! Eloquence, thou wast out-done !" thy wings  
Did break themselves with over-flapping ; thou  
Didst shake thy feathers off, and crack thy strings

With overstraining ; thou didst seek to plough  
Too deep the fields of ether, and didst mount  
Icarian-like too near the all-heating fount !

## XL.

Yet 't was a glorious failure ; few have ever

Made such and lived . . . unnoticed. — Age will calm  
The glowing fires of youth ; the spirit never

Boils over twice. Dance for the young, and psalm  
And sermon for the old. — He ended, and  
His last words mingled with the Brigade Band. —

## . XLI.

Then "music arose with its voluptuous swell ;  
Soft eyes looked love to eyes which spake again."  
"Anna" was there, "Jane," "Julia," "Isabel,"  
"Sarah" and "fair Angelia ;" and young men  
Were gazing on them, "a la mode Française ;"  
And yet they frowned not on their classic gaze !

## XLII.

Ah ! maidens, what would Exhibition be  
Without your *fanning* influence, smiles and eyes ? —  
Who would address bare walls and Faculty,  
Or glory in such empty victories ?  
For *you*, it is, the stream of eloquence  
Rolls out ! They feel ; they speak — in self-defence !

## XLIII.

But hold ! — again the dying music hushes,  
Still as a sleeping infant, and — but hist ! —  
Both doors unfold : here, like a mad bull, rushes  
A Junior ; there his fierce antagonist.  
"Arcadians both," high-blooded, skilled alike  
To stammer, rave, strut, weep, swing, tremble, strike !

## XLIV.

Slapity-bang ! whang, like India squibs and crackers,  
Word follows word ! Greek roots commingle ! thunder  
And lightning ! omnibuses ! drunken Bacchus !  
Silence ! contempt ! despair ! forgiveness ! wonder !  
Half-reconciled ! no, never ! O ! moi ! pōs !  
Kai gar ! ou-po-potè ! they come — to blows !

## XLV.

They end. " 'T was startling, but magnificent : " —  
Mothers were there, and fathers ; and they smiled  
With inward joy, even at their own descent. —  
Doctors were there, and ministers, beguiled  
(Or feigned to be) by those wild, classic strains,  
Estranged — and *always* strangers to their brains !

## XLVI.

Maidens ! beware ! a Senior comes — his eye, —  
Full as an orbèd shield, keen as a spear ! —  
Will stab you to the heart ! — Sweet agony,  
I ween, though fatal. — Cautious ! hold ! — I fear ! —  
He comes ! — Oh, venturesome girls ! — So kindly beaming,  
Ye deem him innocently on you dreaming.

## XLVII.

Yet dreams are dangerous ; and young people should not  
Be suffered even to dream, without permission,  
About each other ; then, there surely would not  
Be half so many in that bad condition,  
Called love. — But ah ! I see all preaching vain is ;  
Your eyes and ears are where that mellow strain is,

## XLVIII.

Bewitched. — Ah ! now ye fear him not ; those words  
So tender, soft, low, sweet, melodious, mild ;  
That graceful motion — as when tuneful birds  
Sing on the waving branches — have beguiled  
Your senses ; and those thoughts, chaste, bold, poetic,  
Leave you entranced, letheonized, magnetic !

## XLIX.

He smiled, he bowed ; and, as he passed away,  
The maidens sighed ; the echoing galleries rung. —  
Muses ! Oh, muses, help ! “ Oh, make essay ! ” —  
Behold ! fierce champions of the Latin tongue,  
Two Juniors come ; the one, like a tall giraffe  
With Webster’s front ; the other nearly half



## L.

His stature ; short, yet firm, and with an eye  
That flashed intelligence, and raven locks.  
High-blooded both ; both hot for victory :  
Both, too, had “ thundered at Euphrates’ rocks,”  
Like Cæsar, (had they lived then,) and had led  
Legions on legions to a gory bed ;

## LI.

Who knows ? ’T is wise, at least, to speculate  
On things that might have been. Behold, how luck,  
Not brains, has made earth’s great immortals great : —  
*These boys* might have been Cæsars, or have stuck  
Cæsar, as Brutus did, or loved “ the *galls* ”  
Like “ Charley,” or eaten them up like cannibals !

## LII.

Disgusting thought ! — But here they spouted Latin  
In Harvard College, and the crowd delighted  
Saw them, like Goodies, clothed in gowns of satin  
Or silk or cotton, black as souls benighted. —  
All, save the gowns, was startling, splendid, tragic,  
But gowns on *men* have lost their *wonted* magic ;

## LIII.

I know not why. And yet a beautiful gown is

A beautiful thing on woman with its *bustle*  
And other appendages ; its silky sound is

A pleasant thing to hear, as is the rustle  
Of angels' wings ; it fits her, like an halo  
Around the sun guarding the eyes " a malo ! "

## LIV.

They ended, like a night-mare ; — by this meaning,

They did it " with a rush " — the hot sweat courses  
Adown their perspiring faces, gleaning,

Like Ruth, at every step, additional forces,  
Until it reached their boots, and stopped to flow, as  
This self-same Ruth slept at the foot of Boas.

## LV.

They ended ; and the crowd had nearly fainted

From long and wild excitement, when sweet music  
Pours forth its soul-like, cordial : smiles are painted

On features that but now were pale and grew sick.  
Even the Faculty rose up to view,  
Smiling to deem their task full half-way through.

## LVI.

Silence again. A Senior comes, big-hearted,  
Firm, honest, kind, intelligent ; his brow  
Bore marks of thought and study : he had started  
His course already fixed. — I hear him now,  
As then, methinks, preaching before his wife  
And flock, in some Wyomian vale of life.

## LVII.

Long may he flourish, eloquent and great,  
Devout and good, “fisher of men,” and gain  
Innumerable souls, using the bait  
That never fails, a cultivated brain,  
Zeal, faith, and love ; even till his days are ended,  
And life’s high dreams in heavenly joys are blended.

## LVIII.

He left the crowd delighted : and another, —  
Fair-featured as the moon, a gentle speaker,  
(His mother’s son, and more, his sister’s brother,) —  
Now holds the stand, speaking “in *linguâ Græcâ*”  
Wild warbling sounds. All list enchanted, altho’  
None understood him, more than great Ralph Waldo.

## LIX.

“ My kingdom for a horse ! ” Behold ! he cometh  
Striding majestic ; he a Senior ; he, too,  
“ The potent orator ; ” the gallery hummeth  
Loud thunders of applause ; and, like a bee to  
A flower, the maidens’ eyes are turned on him,  
That lordly Senior of the lofty limb.

## LX.

Strong was his manly voice, deep, loud, sonorous,  
As is the wave-lashed caves of sounding ocean ;  
Far swept his gestures, and, like shadows o’er us,  
Waved his long arms in terrible commotion !  
Full were his periods rolling, like waters  
Swollen by the moon ; his thoughts, whales, sharks, and  
otters !

## LXI.

He ended, with a bow majestic, and  
Bewildered sat the breathless multitude.  
Many have fainted — had the Brigade Band  
Not fingered forth its last, long interlude ! —  
Silence ! A Junior comes ; short, thick ; — his voice  
Rolls, like the current of the Illinois,

## LXII.

And charms the crowd. — Scarce had he left the forum,  
When, like some building moved along the street,  
A stout, broad-breasted Senior sails before them  
To unload his cargo, — roots and logs of Greek !  
One deemed he was Demosthenes, — another, —  
From that long gown, — Demosthenes's mother !

## LXIII.

The last, save one, succeeding, with a bound up  
Leaps into view, and trembleth over the rostrum,  
Like Richard, when his fearful dream had wound up ;  
Writhing, as though some inward, griping nostrum  
Gnawed every nerve. — 'T was but the serpent's coil,  
Before the spring. Words, thoughts, emotions boil

## LXIV.

Within him, and in vain seek outlet through  
His lips at once. — Too furious youth ; he never  
Could check the tide of eloquence, that threw  
And tossed him about — in vain ; — it could not sever  
Him from the theme. He storms. Though clothed in  
thunders,  
His lightnings always hit ; his audience wonders !

## LXV.

Music again, before the great "finale,"  
    Wafts from the stage the raving Cicero.  
And, like some bed of roses in a vale, the  
    Aurorian maidens, in the seats below,  
Lift up their heads and shake their flowery bonnets,  
Seeming, methought, most like embodied sonnets! —

## LXVI.

But earth itself must pass away, and even  
    The constellations burn, like Egyptian mummies!  
And vanish, making room for Hell and Heaven! —  
    This of the universe the end and sum is;  
Then marvel not that this great exhibition  
Should end, bright, glowing, as the furnace of perdition!

## LXVII.

Oh! what a sight, to gaze from Heaven's high towers  
    Upon the flaming universe! — the Dragon  
Writhing in agony, shaking red showers  
    Of meteors from his tail! — Like a rumbling wagon  
Over pavements, rattling down the milkyway,  
Night shall pursue the blazing wheels of Day!

## LXVIII.

Direful the groans of constellations dying : —

Taurus loud-bellowing, and hot Leo roaring ;  
Aries and Capricornus, and the frying

Pisces and boiling Cancer ; Virgo deploring ;  
Castor and Pollux, furious as in battle,  
Shall gird the Zodiac with death's horrible rattle !

## LXIX.

Northward, the Bears shall snarl in agony, and

The writhing Serpent, coiling fiercely around  
Them, hiss ! Even Hercules, at last unmanned,

Shall hurl his terrible club, and with a bound  
Shall shake the heavens : while singeing in the fire  
Aquila and Cygnus moan, with the snapping Lyre !

## LXX.

Circling the antarctic pole, a mingled wail —

Louder than all the accumulated thunders  
Since time began — shall rise. The spouting Whale

Shall shake his bubbling body, till it sunders ;  
Orion shout ; the twain Dogs yelp ; the Crow  
And Hydra curse, this last funereal glow !

## LXXI.

Devils shall triumph, for the Universe

Shall be a perfect Hell. All, that is matter,  
Must ride to nothing in this fiery hearse !

Even the graves shall vanish, and the clatter  
Of bones : the stars and all their planets, turned  
To gases, 'wait their moment to be burned !

## LXXII.

Spirits alone shall stand the fire. The Just,

Rising above the realms of peopled space,  
Unharm'd shall see the end of sinful dust :

The Wicked sink to their own dwelling-place,  
Weighed down by sins.—The gas explodes!—'Tis light!—  
'Tis dark!—Heaven dawns!—Hell blackens into night!—

## LXXIII.

These last six stanzas, I suppose, may seem

Rather out of place, and should be marked with "C";  
That is, "want of connection" in "the theme."—

But "what is writ is writ;" so let it be :  
'Tis all well here ; — though 't were a grand mistake,  
To write so, should one "fish" for "*a forty-eight!*"



## LXXIV.

I "fish" "for men" and women, and great ideas,  
And care not how you "*mark* the paragraph."  
(*Great critics usually have long ears ;*)  
I only care to make the people *laugh* ;  
*They* make them *wail* ; I "go for *effect* ;" *they* *rules*,  
Enemies to *genius*, but the shield of *fools*.

## LXXV.

Besides, this may not, after all, be taken  
*Mal a propos* : 't is never out of place to  
Reflect upon the end : 't may "save one's bacon,"  
His honor and his soul from deep disgrace too : —  
And in *such* moments of high exaltation  
Man may forget his God, himself, his station.

## LXXVI.

Digressions, too, are only episodes,  
The watering places of an epic, or a  
Romance ; where, wearied by the dusty roads  
Of thought, the traveller stops, and rests him for a  
Brief space : hence Homer, Virgil and "Paul Flemming,"  
Even in *his family* "Romance," bring them in.

## LXXVII.

Moreover, it has a wonderful effect,

In raising small things, simply to compare them  
To something greater ; few will ever detect

The fallacy. — I only meant to scare them ! —

My readers — into silence, to attend  
To this great Exhibition's greater end !

## LXXVIII.

Silence prevails, unbroken save by the panting

Of hearts expectant ; even the fans have stopped  
Their ceaseless flutter, and, "like birds," sit slanting

On delicate hands. — 'T is said, one maiden dropped  
Hers *unaware, expecting*, to be sure,  
Some young beau'd pick it up and give it to her !

## LXXIX.

I hope he did ; because it is no pleasing

Affair for mankind to be disappointed ;  
And, least of all, young ladies, — fond of teasing,  
Though not of being teased, save by unwonted  
And unexpected crowds of beaux and suitors ;  
Such as, young doctors, lawyers, students, tutors !

## LXXX.

The door swings open — and — he comes! behold him  
Wrapt in his mantling gown, that round him flows  
Waving, as Cæsar's toga did enfold him,  
What time he fell pierced through with brutal blows. —  
Thunders of clapping! — As he bows, on high  
“Præses” his “Oxford” doffs, and bows reply.

## LXXXI.

Again it thunders, — and again! — At last  
He speaks; clear, as the Aganippean fountain;  
Graceful, as fairies swimming on some blast  
Of ether, yet bold, majestic, as a mountain. —  
He ceased. “The last” was “first.” Such was the  
“snapper.” —  
Alpha, Omega, and “Phi-Beta-Kappa!”

## LXXXII.

Thus ended it, — an Harvard Exhibition,  
When I was young. I know it may be wrong  
T' have dwelt thus much upon its exposition:  
But yet, an old man loves to prattle long  
About his youth. — Perchance, ere long delighted,  
Others may read these lines of him, they slighted,

## LXXXIII.

Justly 't may be. — He always loved to please them,

And still remembers them with kind emotions ;

And if, as age creeps on, his pains may ease them

Of a single sigh, by calling up the notions,

That once were theirs ; he has not piped in vain

This song, nor yet one mournful, parting strain :

---

“ Nunc dicendum est finale,  
Verbum mordax et lethale ;  
Cuique quisque, vale ! vale ! ” — W. B. C.

## 1.

“ Sad the thoughts that now remind us,

College scenes have passed away,

And, like dreams of morn behind us,

Vanished into opening day !

## 2.

“ Farewell, youthful, boyish pleasures !

Must we bid you all adieu ?

Shall the past, with all its treasures,

Sink forever from our view ?

## 3.

“ College scenes, and college fancies, —  
Thieves of moments idly wasted, —  
Memory of you still enhances,  
Still we deem you half untasted !

## 4.

“ But farewell ! ye must not follow  
Through the coming dubious strife ;  
Manhood’s ocean sure must swallow  
All the brooks of college life.

## 5.

“ While the past and future, bending  
O’er the present saddening hour,  
On our souls their shades are sending,  
Words have lost their wonted power.

## 6.

“ Heart to heart alone may whisper  
What the heart alone may feel ;  
Soul to soul alone may lisper  
Thoughts, that through the spirit steal.

## 7.

“ But the sacred band that binds us,  
Brothers of the mystic lot,  
Still shall find, as now it finds us,  
Fastened by a golden knot.

## 8.

“ What though now your jovial faces  
Soon shall cheer my heart no more ;  
Still shall memory in their places  
See the noble souls of yore.

## 9.

“ When some fair one, o’er you bending,  
Fires your souls to deeds sublime ;  
When upon your knees ascending  
Sons and daughters prattling climb ;

## 10.

“ When upon life’s great arena  
Each shall act a generous part,  
Bearing with a chief’s demeanor  
Soul and body, mind and heart ;

## 11.

“ Or till wearied even with glory ;  
    (May no other grief attend you,)  
Till your locks are thin and hoary ;  
    Till an easy death shall end you ;

## 12.

“ May your souls be flowing ever  
    With the sweets of joyous life,  
Tasting of the bitter never, —  
    *And when married have a wife ! ”*

---

LXXXIV.

After precisely such an Exhibition,  
    As this, (though many a year had vanished fast,)  
Returning from his nightly expedition, —  
    Somewhere, — one of the young “ Divinities ” passed  
Straight through the College yard. ’T was just eleven  
    O’clock at night. The Student’s thoughts on Heaven

## LXXXV.

Were turned, or should have been. 'T was silent round ;  
Not even, " with its voluptuous swell " of dust,  
Rattled one omnibus : in sleep profound  
With their *rich wives* the Faculty were hushed :  
Even the Students, who "*had parts*," were still ;  
Some willingly ; some contrary to their will !

## LXXXVI.

Even, too, the jovial " Puds," — whose luscious bowl  
Of the ambrosial milk and golden maize,  
Keeps full " the genial current of the soul," —  
With breasts expanded, took their silent ways  
To bed ; but still in dreams they feasted, or  
Sang low the " Psalm of Life," or high " Excelsior " !

## LXXXVII.

Onward the Student passed ; his lofty head  
Behind his shoulders thrown ; his raven locks, —  
Like some old Prophet, or some Indian maid, —  
Flowed down behind. — " The World 's a paradox ! "  
He said, " a perfect sham ! " and cast his eyes  
Heavenward ; he nears the pump — an infant cries !



## LXXXVIII.

He started back with an instinctive shudder ! —  
Unmarried, as he was, he felt affrighted  
And reeled, like a young lambkin at the udder ;  
Whereas, a husband would have stood, delighted,  
Gazing. 'T is always so ; as folks grow older,  
Or enter the married state, they then grow bolder.

## LXXXIX.

Again the baby cries, all plaintively ! —  
He starts again ; — he stops ; — he stands to list ; —  
Another cry ! — and he resolves to see  
The child, and be a bold philanthropist :  
Bravely he seeks . . . the pump, and bending low  
Beholds the weeping babe, and greets it nearly so :

---

1.

“ Christ, the Lord, was ‘ in a manger ’  
Born and cradled ; but thou art  
Here like Moses, little stranger,  
In a basket, or ‘ an ark ! ’

## 2.

“ Who has placed thee here, my baby ?  
Who has placed thee here alone ?  
Where’s thy mother ? — Ah ! it may be,  
She is uttering many a groan !

## 3.

“ Thou hast met a cold reception,  
Dark and misty is thy morn ;  
But the world is all deception,  
And no matter where we’re born !

## 4.

“ ‘ O thou child of many prayers ! ’  
Cast upon a barbarous shore !  
For the world is full of bears,  
And existence is a boar !

## 5.

“ Child of Harvard ! Child of Science !  
Life is all an empty hoax ! —  
Rise, and bid the world defiance ! —  
Acorns spring to lofty oaks.

## 6.

“Many a child, without a father  
Or a mother, like to thee,  
Living mounts a throne, or rather  
Richly there deserves to be !

## 7.

“Boldly meet the world, my dearest ;  
Fortune may attend thee yet :  
Thou may'st, if thou rightly steerest,  
Be a Second Everett !

## 8.

“If the proud and haughty ever  
Twit thee for thy lowly birth ;  
Tell them, that thy soul forever  
Shall exist ; — thy body's earth !

## 9.

“Tell them, that thou art descended  
From an old and lofty line : —  
Thou art all, they e'er pretended ;  
Eve's and Adam's blood is thine !”

## XC.

The Student ended, and, as if in prayer :

He raised his hands to heaven, and then he pumped

A little water, and baptized him there :

The water wet his baby head : he jumped

At first ; but when the Student in his arm

Held him and sang this short baptismal psalm :

---

## 1.

“ I baptize thee, child of knowledge ! —

Here may'st thou thy kindred claim ;

Thou wast found near Harvard College,

And ‘ Childe Harvard ’ be thy name !

## 2.

“ Harvard be thy guardian *pater* ;

And, because thou hast no other,

Harvard be thy ‘ Alma Mater ; ’

Be thy father and thy mother ! ”

## XCI.

The baby smiled, as though his infant eyes  
Beheld the future crowned with fame and roses ! —  
He saw his patron, and with glad surprise  
Bethought him of the little bulrushed Moses ;  
May be, he saw, some bounteous millionaire, —  
Some whole-souled Lawrence, — would instruct and send  
him there !

## XCII.

O, generous act ! — The wealth, — that hews but one  
Tall granite slab, — were it bestowed on thee,  
Might raise a spirit up, a glorious son  
Of Science, from the depths of misery ! —  
The proudest dome of art will moulder away :  
One deed, like that, will live throughout Eternity !

## XCIII.

I said, the student was unmarried ; had he  
Have had a wife and home, he would have known  
What way to turn ; the child had called him, “ daddy ! ”  
Ere this, and been adopted as his own.  
It always saves a deal of pains and cost,  
To get a child, somebody else has lost !

## XCIV.

It would have been, as every one must see,  
A most outrageous act to carry it  
Crying, that night to "The Divinity;"  
Perchance, the Faculty might have "seen fit"  
To send him off — "unkindest cut of all" —  
For having "*strange folks*" in that sacred Hall!

## XCV.

He stood beside the pump, and paused, as if  
Buried "in thoughts too deep;" and then he drew  
A sigh, and then his pocket-handkerchief; —  
When, suddenly he gazed, and hurrying through  
The gate, he saw a female form; — her hair  
Dishevelled, floated on the star-lit air.

## XCVI.

He saw; and in his coat-tail pocket jammed  
The babe; and, swifter than the wild-wood deer,  
Pursued that female form. — But I have "*crammed*"  
This canto quite too full, and somewhat fear,  
'T will burst! for if the Student overtook  
The maiden, what he saw would make another book!!



# CHILDE HARVARD.

---

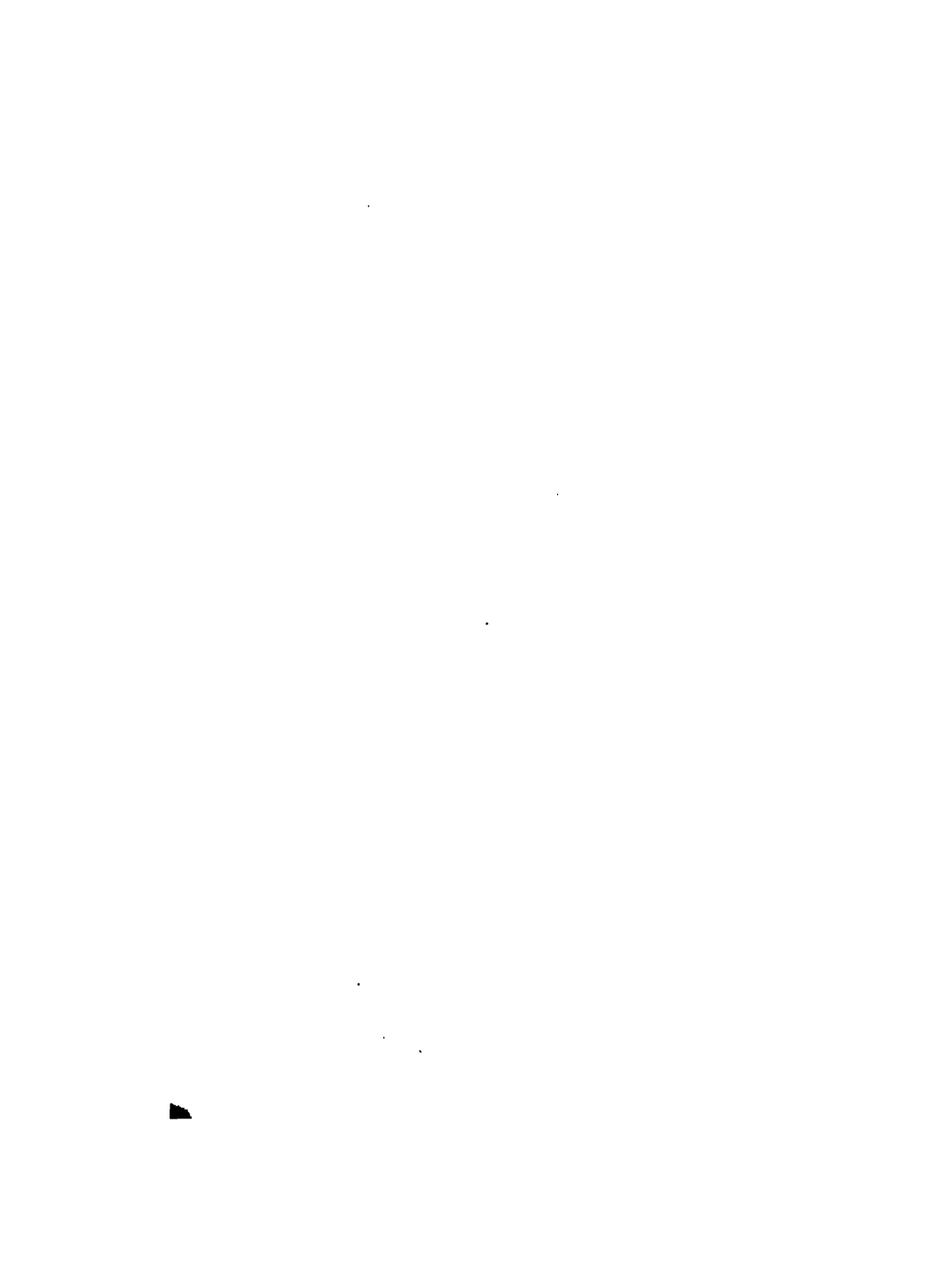
## CANTO II.

"And your old men shall dream dreams, your young men shall see visions."—JOEL ii. 28.

"El Mundo es un Sueño."—SPANISH PROVERB.







# CHILDE HARVARD.



## CANTO II.

"And your old men shall dream dreams, your young men shall see visions." — JOEL ii. 28.

"El Mundo es un Sueño." — SPANISH PROVERB.

### I.

By this time, I conclude, ye all are willing,  
And perfectly prepared, to hear the dream,  
I promised you, some stanzas past ; — a thrilling  
And beautiful vision ! Ladies, don't now scream  
And act like fools ; because 't will make me gruffer  
Than time, — or else I hope to never suffer !

## II.

Or, if you 're going to scream, you'd better do it  
At first, so as not to interrupt the story,  
Just at the moment I am half way through it,  
And my young muse is soaring in her glory  
'Twixt heaven and earth, bound to those fabulous stream  
In fairy land, the "Apian Land" of dreams ;

## III.

Where baby dreams are born and nursed, and nightmares  
And horses run loose, like our wild "mustangs"  
In the far west ; and images of white-bears,  
Giraffes, boars, kangaroos, orang-outangs,  
Constrictors, skunks, hyenas, screech-owls, hedgehogs,—  
Whatever dwells in air, earth, sea or sedge-bogs, —

## IV.

Are there daguerreotyped ; even we ourselves  
Have shadowy counterparts, waiting the bidding  
Of their own fancies to descend, like elves,  
To some dull slumberer's brain, and therein hidden  
Make him think, 't is ourselves he is dreaming of : —  
This often happens when young people love.

## V.

When lovers love below, their dreams are loving  
Above; and when they woo, their dreams are wooing;  
And when they walk in groves, their dreams are *groveing*;  
And when, like doves, they coo, their dreams are cooing:  
But when they sleep, the dreams divide, 't is said,  
And each one seeks the other lover's bed!

## VI.

'T is strange how I should dream that dream; although  
There was a cause: when one has seen a foundery, —  
Of Meshech, Shadrach and Abednego,  
He is sure to dream; or when he has heard a roundelay  
From some fair maiden's lips, or been to a wedding,  
He'll dream of David's harp, and beds and bedding!

## VII.

'T was even thus with me: that Exhibition  
With all its fair enchantments — lads and lasses —  
Music and spouters — put me in a condition  
Most similar to that, in which an ass is,  
Weighed down by pumpkins or a load of girls  
In creels, or crushed to earth by sacks of pearls.

## VIII.

Bewildered I left, exhausted and amazed :

For those young orators did pierce and shiver  
The universe, through whose broad cracks in blazed

The future and the past ! — How like a river  
Of thoughts, they swept the breathless crowd before them,  
And ever and anon dashed fiercely o'er them !

## IX.

I left bewildered, and that night repaired

Early to bed ; (I can't say where my chum went, —  
With whom,—what time he got home,—how he fared ;—

No body knows ; no body could circùmvent  
That curious chap ; — I always have suspected  
He went to see . . . Ann . . Oyster . . . soup dissected !

## X.

But I, of course, was not “my brother's keeper ;”

Nor would I, proctor-like, tell tales about him. —  
That night I slept a dreamy slumber, deeper

Than was my wont : I slept alone, without him.)  
'T was midnight now ; 'twixt which and morn, the vision  
Flow'd thro' my soul, like streams thro' fields Elysian.

## XI.

I dreamed, I saw a female angel coming  
Straight down from glory, attended by a train  
Of cherubs, with their little harp-strings humming  
Celestial notes and many a soft refrain. —  
Nearer she came, downward, still downward wending,  
Till finally she stopped, above me bending.

## XII.

Imagine how I felt ! — I did not know her,  
Nor could I, in the name of all that's frightful,  
Conjecture how she got in ; for the door  
Was locked. But there she stood, a thing delightful,  
Bewilderingly fair. — I tried to scream,  
Because I knew not that she *was* a dream !

## XIII.

(You know what is the nature of a vision ;  
Imaginations always seem to be  
Realities : such was the case with this one.)  
And then I blushed, and feared “ The Faculty ”  
Would find it out ; ” and finally “ expel ”  
My body — and my soul . . . would go to — hell !

## XIV.

"*Expulsion*" is a dread phenomenon :

It *always ruins* a youth, and nearly *kills*  
His parents. — 'T were a better way, when one  
Does wrong, to make him take a dose of pills ;  
Or fasten him up in " Commons " or in attics, .  
And make him study " P——'s Mathematics."

## XV.

And were I President of Harvard College,  
(Pardon ! — " The University at Cambridge,"  
Is what I meant to say,) — that place where knowledge  
Depends on "*marks* ;" and who has most, on fame's ridge-  
Pole stands preëminent, even as a steeple  
And weathercock tower up above the people !

## XVI.

Harvard ! Oh, Harvard ! venerated shade ! —  
Illustrious, primal founder ! glorious Harvard !  
Thy name, — behold ! posterity had laid  
It down to slumber in oblivion's grave-yard ! —  
Thy pounds, thy prayers, thy hopes were all in vain,  
Eclipsed by Phillips, Lawrence, Gore and Dane !

## XVII.

martyred Phillips . . . . acted rather silly  
saving the world so soon, before his glory,  
by his "last and truly munificent will" he  
quired, had come to be a common story  
the papers. — All the other donors  
t to live, and living buy up mourners.

## XVIII.

, the much afflicted youth, retiring  
l modest, cared not even to hear his name  
trumpeted ; but made his will expiring ;  
l modestly to escape the voice of Fame, —  
describes her — bid the world defiance,  
rent self-martyred to the cause of Science !

## XIX.

I a man of millions, I would be  
of two things ; or generous, *while I live*,  
less poor suffering humanity,  
I learn to know how good it is to give ;  
and make my wealth all into a coffin  
ld and gems and pearls, to bear me off in ! —



## XX.

As I was saying ; — were I President  
“At Cambridge,” I would make some “radical changes”  
In various points. ’T would be my first intent  
To keep “the Students” confined in proper ranges  
Of time and place. Around the college yard  
I would have a monstrous wall, and gates and guard ;

## XXI.

At every gate a frightful Proctor in all his  
Equipments stationed ; and should any Student  
Or Goody attempt to spit, or smoke, or call his  
Friend from the window ; — or any other imprudent  
And sinful act ; or stand *in crowds* “of three” —  
All is, — “report them to the Faculty !”

## XXII.

And should they “scrape” in prayers, because they are long  
And rather “squirty” at times ; or fire some cocks  
Of hay, or rockets, or tar, or sing a song  
Or psalm by night ; just clap them in the stocks !  
But vain is all reform, this wall and gate  
Unbuilt, unguarded firm by half past eight. —

## XXIII.

“ Man is a curious phenomenon ; ”

He has no more control over his notions  
Than any thing else ; the fact is, thoughts are born  
Revolving swifter than perpetual motions :  
Ideas are like a cactus, ever springing  
Out of themselves, in all directions clinging.

## XXIV.

There stood she still, — that angel vision, — bending  
Over my sleeping form, and I was gazing  
With spirit eyes on her : — two spirits blending  
In one long, silent look. Suddenly raising  
A vial of the ethereal “ *chloroform*,”  
She laid it on my lips with fingers warm.

## XXV.

Oh ! then, how most unutterably curious  
Were the sensations that came softly stealing  
Over my body ! Never so luxurious  
And so bewilderingly funny a feeling  
Had I experienced in all my days :  
All smiles I felt, all bliss, all songs of praise !

## XXVI.

My soul seemed loosened from its coils, and floated  
Before my face ; methought I saw my eyes ;  
But they were closed : the world whirled round all bloated  
With rainbows and celestial harmonies :  
The heavens appeared about " the central sun,"  
Rotating, on that golden pivot hung.

## XXVII.

A palsyng tremor thrills my body, and  
It feels no more. I was a naked spirit  
And with that spiritual creature, hand in hand,  
Borne toward another world, now drawing near it  
Swifter than thought : I dare not open wide  
My swimming eyes upon the billowy tide

## XXVIII.

Of ether ; half-entranced and half affrighted,  
I clasped my arms around the fairy being  
That buoyed me up ; she clasped in turn delighted  
My trembling form ; well pleased, it seemed, at seeing  
My natural fears, but more, that she should be  
My faithful pilot over that azure sea.

## XXIX.

“ Fear not,” she said, and strained me closer to her  
Warm bosom ; “ fear not, child of earth, for thou  
Wast born to be the first, the only viewer  
Of man’s primordial state, and whence and how  
Spirits originate, and infant souls  
Descend to earth, and enter fleshly moulds.”

## XXX.

She ended, pointing downward, and again —  
Just as our naked feet touched on, I know not  
What delicate substance — spake ; “ This is the main,  
Long bridge, that lies between the isles, where grow not  
Corporeal beings, and earth, which shines afar,  
Yonder, thou seest, beside the Evening star.”

## XXXI.

She ceased ; and lo ! I gazed ; and we were treading  
Upon a bridge of rainbows lightly floating  
Over the ethereal waves. A gulf lay spreading  
Below it. Far as eye could reach, were boating  
And sails and skiffs, and they that rode therein,  
It seemed, were happy spirits, light and thin.

## XXXII.

“ Oh! who and what are they? — What world is this?

I said: “ Is this a land of phantasy  
And mere delusions, or the home of bliss? —  
What shores are those? — what islands, and what sea  
For I am lost.” She smiled, and clasped my hand  
In hers, and said, “ This is the *Apian Land!* ”

## XXXIII.

“ The ‘ *Apian Land!* ’ — the land of bees and apes,  
Is it?” I said: “ it cannot be the old  
Peloponnesus; for such airy shapes  
As these, no Grecian bard has ever told  
Us of. — Is that a steamboat there? — My notion  
Is, that it moves by a perpetual motion!

## XXXIV.

“ For I behold the sparkling paddles plying,  
But see no smoke, no steam, and hear no puffing  
Nor wheezing; and she rides, like condors flying  
Majestic o’er the Andes, skimming, luffing,  
Floating upon the billowy air. — Oh! who  
Are they upon her deck? — where voyaging to?”

## XXXV.

"We soon shall see;" replied my angel guide;

"But first ascend we to the bridge's tip,  
And thence behold the sight." We onward glide,  
As easily as silvery fishes slip  
Between the particles of water, and  
Swifter than the winds, high on the summit stand.

## XXXVI.

Above us, more resplendent than the morning, —  
When at Creation's birth the stars were singing, —  
All rainbow-tinted a gorgeous, golden awning,  
Supported high on ivory posts, was swinging.  
The floor was jasper, smoother than the cheek  
Of a Circassian girl, or beardless Greek.

## XXXVII.

Around it all an open balustrade  
Of crystal ran. Carved in fantastic fashion  
Couches were there, softer than those where laid  
That eastern queen, known for her wondrous passion  
For Solomon. Soft breezes blew, and, as a  
Cradle, so rocked this rainbow bridge's great piazza.

## XXXVIII.

Awhile I gazed ; and then grew dizzy, reeling  
From very giddiness, and should have tipt  
Over the balustrade, had not a feeling  
Of pity seized my guide, who softly slipt, —  
In time to save, — her arm around my waist,  
And kindly drew me back and gently placed

## XXXIX.

Me on a velvet couch. I thanked her kindly,  
And soon revived. — “ Behold ! ” she said, and pointed  
To where the vessel moved ; but all went blindly  
And mistily ; my vision still disjointed  
Beheld the deck, but they, that rode thereon,  
Appeared no bigger than a distant swan.

## XL.

I saw them walking to and fro and tossing  
Something, I knew not what, high in the air  
And in their arms : crossing and then recrossing  
They walked the deck. — I asked my guardian fair,  
“ O, who and what are they ? ” — Without reply,  
She smiled, and from her head pulled out an eye !

## XLI.

“Take this!” she said. — I started with affright  
And wild astonishment. — “Take this; — I hope  
You’re not afraid of a girl’s eye! — your sight  
Is short: mine beats the Cambridge telescope!”  
I blushed and took the eye, but said, “I fear,  
You rob yourself.” — “I have another here,

## XLII.

The mate to that;” she said, “be not alarmed;  
One eye, like this, is quite enough for any  
Woman. To take one out has never harmed  
It yet, and I have pulled it out full many  
A time! The eye is but a kind of spy-glass  
Through which the spirit looks — a sort of eye-glass.”

## XLIII.

“’T is true:” I smiled; “but such an eye, as this is,  
Is something more methinks than convex glasses,  
Coatings and humors. The eye of soul-like misses,  
Like thee, if only a machine, surpasses  
All other machines; but I could swear there is a  
Spirit within, that turns a fellow dizzy!”



## XLIV.

“ That is a question of mere *ideality* ; ”

Replied the female angel ; “ but alas !

One thing, I fear, will be a real reality ;

Unless you look, the vessel soon will pass

From sight, around that promontory, where

Mingle the island, ocean and the air. —

## XLV.

“ Where is the eye ? — You have put it in your pocket

I guess ! ” — “ No ! here it is, — now only show us

The way to use an eye pulled out of socket,

And if I do’nt devour the scene below us ! ” —

She smiled, and thought it rather strange that I

Had never learned the way to use an eye !

## XLVI.

“ Why, — hold it up precisely as you hold an

Opera glass, when Fanny Elsler dances !

What now ! you ar’nt afraid ? — You are a bold man ! ”

“ Of course I am not afraid ; but yet the chances

Are very many that one will lose his eyes

By such an *idle*, daring enterprise ;

## XLVII.

" But let me ' pass the Rubicon,' " I said,  
And grasped the eye and held it close to mine.  
The eye appeared to smile and wink, and shed  
A sort of mellow, sun-set light, so fine  
And so bewildering, that I could see  
Only the eye, and that was fixed on me !

## XLVIII.

" Just turn it round, holding the *retina*,  
And not the *cornea* to your own, and look  
Upon the ship, and things will clearer far  
Appear than golden letters in a book : "  
She said ; and I obeyed ; and, gazing through  
Her eye, brought up the spirit ship to view.

## XLIX.

And lo ! and what a sight was there to see !  
The vessel's self was made of crystal, and  
Bedecked with various gems, whose brilliancy  
Outshone the stars. The gentle breezes fanned  
Her on, assisted by the perpetual motion  
Within her hull ; — her name — THE UNSEEN OCEAN.

## L.

An angel sat upon the helm, holding  
A telescope, and placed high up among  
The rigging were happy sailors : these were folding  
Their arms, in thought ; and those, while musing, sung.  
When suddenly, just as the vessel drew  
Well nigh the shore, the helmsman hailed the crew :

## LI.

" All hands ahoy ! furl every sail, and bring  
The babies forth upon the deck ; " he said,  
And instantly from all the cabin spring  
Innumerable forms, and all arrayed,  
Like angels, in thin garbs of " woven air,"  
And all were young, and most exceeding fair.

## LII.

And they appeared to be virgins, except  
That they had wings, and on their bosoms carried  
Young infants' souls, that there reposing slept. —  
" O, who are they ? " I cried, " and are they married ?  
Or are they nursery-maids, or are they mothers ?  
And are those infants all sisters and brothers

## LIII.

“ Of one great family ? They all are fair,  
And clothed alike. Oh, tell me whence — and whither  
This marvellous crew ? ” My guardian spoke ; “ Even there  
Thou, too, before thy birth, wast borne together  
With thy contemporaries, most of whom  
Are living still ; others are in the tomb !

## LIV.

“ And those, whom thou mistakest for mothers, are  
But guardian spirits, whose whole souls’ delight  
It is to guide young spirits down, and war  
Off evil shades, until they safely alight  
Upon the shores of earth, to spend . . . a day,  
Or a few years at most, in forms of clay.

## LV.

“ The world is but a pasture for probation  
For souls incarnate. Fleshly bodies never  
Beget a soul. Some pasture for damnation ;  
Others more wisely choose to “ live forever  
In bliss.” “ But souls,” I said, “ I deemed to be  
Nothing, that one might weigh, or touch, or see.”

## LVI.

“ Young man,” replied the Vision, “ thou hast fed  
On false philosophy : the soul of man is  
Substance : ‘ there is a natural *body*,’ said  
The Sacred Writer, ‘ and (such God’s great plan is)  
A spiritual *body* ;’ one enfolds  
The other, as a sponge the shapeless water holds.

## LVII.

“ Compress and squeeze the sponge ; the liquid then  
Flows out : ‘ t is even so with flesh and soul ;  
You squeeze a person hard enough, — as when  
A black bear, or a white bear round the pole,  
Just hugs his enemies as we do friends, —  
The spirit oozes out ; existence ends !

## LVIII.

“ The soul is something, is it not ? And that,  
Which is not nothing, must have *weight*, although  
We cannot weigh it, as we do hog’s-fat,  
In our imperfect balances below : —  
We cannot weigh the lightning, but we feel  
Its weight and power ; it makes the mountains reel !

## LIX.

“ Were spirits but a *mere abstraction*, how  
    Could they incite and move and rule our bodies ?  
Could an abstraction of an ox-team, plough ;  
    Or men “ get high ” by drinking abstract toddies ?  
Or could imaginary lightnings tip  
A steeple over, or destroy a ship ? ”

## LX.

She ended out of breath ; and I began  
    To feel somewhat bewildered, and replied ;  
“ I rather guess that you are right ; the plan  
    Of the universe none knows, who has not died ;  
And even then, perhaps, his own affairs  
Engross the larger portion of his cares.

## LXI.

“ If these be baby souls, as thou hast told me ; —  
    All is — I have a curiosity  
To know from whence they came, and therefore boldly  
    With modest deference demand of thee,  
If they be born, as fleshly babes below ;  
If they be made ; or if, like acorns, grow

## LXII.

“On trees ; — how sweet must be the blossoming  
Of such a plant ! — how delicate the flowers  
Of fruits that ripen to so fair a thing,  
Like which no rose e’er bloomed in Eden’s bowers ! —  
Or are they hatched from spirit eggs, which some  
Celestial bird deposits in her azure home ? ”

## LXIII.

“ Presumptuous youth ! ” replied the Vision, “ thou  
Wouldst know all things. I cannot tell thee whether  
These babies are born, or hatched, or made, or how ! —  
But when “ THE UNSEEN OCEAN ” makes another  
Voyage for souls, I, too, intend to go  
To that far land, and then I ’ll let thee know.

## LXIV.

“ But hold ! — they are singing now, high on the shore ;—  
It is the missionary hymn of souls  
Prepared for their long journey, just before  
They leave for Earth. How sweet the music rolls !  
Oh, list ! — The babes awake ; with wild surprise  
They move their arms, and earthward bend their eyes.

## HYMN OF THE GUARDIAN SPIRITS.

## 1.

“ Little Spirits ! life is dawning,  
Where the mundane coasts appear :  
Little Spirits ! lo ! the morning  
Of existence reddening near !

## 2.

“ On the hill-tops, on the mountains  
Smiling creeps the golden day : —  
We have brought you from the fountains  
And the gardens far away :

## 3.

“ We have brought you over the billows  
Of the boundless, heavenly sea :  
On our bosoms for your pillows  
Have we held you lovingly.



## 4.

" Ye are holy, ye are fearless  
Coming pure from God's own hands ;  
Ye are happy, ye are tearless  
As the blissful, cherub bands :

## 5.

" But existence lies before you  
On Probation's dusty plain ;  
Good and evil bending o'er you,  
Trials, temptings, joys and pain.

## 6.

" Seek the good and shun the wicked ;  
'T is the only rule of life ; —  
God will guide you over the picked,  
Thorny fields of human strife.

## 7.

" Life is short and time is fleeting ;  
Good or evil, ere a day, .  
Backward will your wings be beating,  
Backward to eternity !

## 8.

“Go, improve the golden season,  
Go, improve it while ye may : —  
Sowing seeds of truth and reason,  
Ye shall reap eternal day !

## 9.

“Little Spirits ! life is dawning,  
Where the mundane coasts appear :  
Little Spirits ! lo ! the morning  
Of existence reddening near ! ”



# CHILDE HARVARD.

---

## CANTO III.

"The custom of conveying instruction by dreams or visions."—  
CHANNING.

"Bask' ithi, oule Oneire ! . . . Be d'ar Oneiros."—HOMER.

"Mein Sohn, es ist ein Nebelstreif."—GÖTTE.

The  
A  
From  
T.  
In a  
Ob

# CHILDE HARVARD.



## CANTO III.

"The custom of conveying instruction by dreams or visions." —  
CHANNING.

"Bask' ithi, oule Oneire ! . . . Be d'ar Oneiros." — HOMER.

"Mein Sohn, es ist ein Nebelstreif." — GÖTTE.

### I.

**THE** hymn hath ceased ; and all at once, — as when

**A** new-fledged brood of "bobolinkums," starting  
**F**rom their high nest, before the approach of men,

**T**ry their unpractised wings, — those infants, parting  
**I**n all directions, seek the earth below. —

"Observe them," cried the Vision, "where they go :

## II.

"'T is curious to mark their wandering,  
Their chance-directed courses and their fates :  
This finds the body of an infant king  
Or queen of . . . England . . . or The United States ;  
That, seeks the Hottentots ; while others, go, —  
Poor things ! — To Ireland and the Esquimaux !

## III.

" There, two, as if by crazed predestination, —  
Alike in beauty, size and color — hand in  
Hand downward go to some far-off Plantation ;  
The one to be a slave, the other standing  
Above him with the lash. While yet another  
Enters a body with no father and no mother !

## IV.

" Had they but reason and experience, —  
Which always come too late, — they'd make a better  
Selection of their future residence,  
No doubt ; but marriages and births, they fetter  
A man just where he is ! 'T is vain to flutter :  
He had better eat, content, his ' bread and butter ; '

## V.

“ And let the world roll round, till he rolls off it  
Into eternity ! All things, at last,  
Will ‘ turn up ’ right ; there is but little profit  
In grumbling over th’ unalterable past !  
What tho’ ’t is rather hard to see a fool  
Crowd out the man of brains ? — All is, *keep cool !* ”

## VI.

She said, and smiled, and all at once departed,  
“ Taking French leave,” and left me there suspended  
Between two worlds. I am not craven-hearted,  
But then I felt as though my days were ended  
All but. The rainbow swerves, and the piazza  
Trembles, and I . . . . quake worse than old Belshazzar !

## VII.

I never knew before how bad a feeling  
It is to “ get the slip : ” I had heard them say  
That it was terrible ; but this revealing  
Of my condition, took me quite away  
From all composure, and I felt inclined  
To let her have a portion of my mind :



## VIII.

Then I bethought me of the pledge which she  
Had left behind ; I mean that magic eye  
Of hers, — or what had so been feigned to be.  
“Return, fair one !” I shouted lustily,  
“Return and take your eye !” — A voice far under  
The rainbow bridge, replied, “Please, go to thunder !

## IX.

That eye was all a hoax ; she made you think it  
Was hers, most verdant youth ! If you’re inclined  
To do so, you may stay up there and *wink it*,  
Forever and forever, till you find  
Out your mistake ! — All are not angels, who  
Look finely and say pretty things to you !” —

## X.

My head began to whirl ; I fell, confounded,  
Back on the couch ! — When next the power of seeing  
Returned, I saw her, and her waist surrounded  
By a tall student’s arm ! “Oh ! treacherous being !”  
I cried, “Once rescued from this perilous plight,  
I trust no more those phantoms of the night !”

## XI.

But then it was a sort of satisfaction —

Although I pitied her — to know that she  
Would get her pay. There always is a reaction

On those who perpetrate such villany. —  
(Kind reader, you must keep in mind, that this all  
Is but a dream, and not a real *miss-fall*.)

## XII.

Well, now such was my elevated condition,

That I had nothing else to do, but just  
Sit there, and see her *flirt* her own perdition !

(“ Whatever is, is right : ” even the worst ! ?) —  
That Student was a fine young man, his mother  
And father’s only son : (they had no other !)

## XIII.

They loved their son, of course, and wished to make him

An ornament to his country and a blessing  
To them. — They little thought what snares would take him

On every hand ; and yet they gave a lesson  
To him, before he went, “ full of wise saws,” —  
They gave a Bible and “ The College Laws,”

## XIV.

And left the rest to Providence. But ah !

It seems as though some people were predestined  
To act like fools, especially when far

From home and all restraint ; and thus the best end  
Of life is worse than wasted ; and per force  
Of circumstance waste all their college course.

## XV.

I said, his parents loved him, both his mother  
And father with all parental tenderness.

They loved too much ; they taught him to love other  
People, — by too much fondling — scarcely less  
Than they loved him : this always was the case,  
When he beheld a fair, young female face :

## XVI.

And such was Nancy's. (Nancy was the name,

I think one canto was begun with, but  
*She was no dream.*) I tell you how I came

To find it out. I dreamed, the Student "got  
Sent off from College," for some secret crime ;  
And when far off, he penned this tuneful rhyme :



## TO NANCY.

"O! (Nancy) *luce carior*."—VIRGIL.

"Come, gentle muse, inspire my song,  
And push my clumsy words along,  
While I reclining 'neath the shade,  
At leisure sing my Cambridge maid.

## CHORUS.

"Were you with me, my Nancy O,  
To 'rusticate' and fancy, O!  
How swift the day would wear away  
With you, my Cambridge Nancy O!

"My Nancy's eyes of laughing blue  
Were clearer than the sky in hue,  
And glistened like a shining star;  
Like Venus or the god of war.  
Were you with me, &c.

“ Her cheeks were as the blushing rose  
That in my Nancy’s garden blows ;  
Her lips were as the myrtle sweet —  
How oft with mine they used to meet !  
Were you with me, &c.

“ The ringlets of her golden hair,  
That flowed around her neck so fair,  
Were brighter than the golden west,  
When summer’s sun goes down to rest.  
Were you with me, &c.

“ The graces of her pillowy breast,  
That swelled beneath the envious vest,  
What mortal song might e’en portray,  
That rolls not smooth and fair as they ?  
Were you with me, &c.

“ My Nancy used to stroll with me  
And sit beneath the shadowy tree,  
(My arm around her slender waist ;  
Her snow-white arm my neck embraced.)  
Were you with me, &c.

“ How sweet the moments used to pass  
When I was with my Cambridge lass, —  
When seated there beneath the shade,  
When mutual love our stay delayed !  
Were you with me, &c.

“ And there we talked and there we sung ;  
Nor minded we the bells that rung ; —  
And if we parted with a kiss,  
'T was but to dream of future bliss.  
Were you with me, &c.”

---

## XVII.

Fathers, there's nothing half so deleterious  
To “ under-graduates,” as too much money : —  
(I speak what I have *seen*, not felt.) 'T is serious  
For one to surfeit him, even with honey,  
Or any other sweet, deceitful thing : —  
Money, — it is the Student's ruining !

## XVIII.

“No man can serve two masters ; he will either ;” —  
You know the rest ; 't is even so with Pleasure  
And Science : who seeks both, will find that neither  
Amounts to much ; the one, is squandered treasure ;  
The other, *sham*. — Many a son has been  
Borne back home, “*dead . . . in trespasses and in sin.*”

## XIX.

Simply because his father, in his folly,  
Supplied him with the means, to “ride out,” “spree,”  
And “act the rowdy,” and be styled “a jolly  
Fellow.” He will not study, but must see  
The world and feel its pleasures, or else be at a  
“Model Artistes’” performance, or a theatre !

## XX.

No wonder that he *goes* ; for “money,” Say says,  
“Serves as the lubricating fluid to the  
Wheels of society :” and those gay places, —  
The home of dissipation, and the Fury,  
Called Fashion, — were it not for money, would not  
Be visited ; simply because they *could not*. —

## XXI.

Am I not moralizing? — yet, perhaps,  
It may do good. — But I was dreaming, and  
The dream must end. Tread lightly on your taps,  
My blue-eyed muse; tread lightly through the land  
Of dreams; think not to press your tender heels  
Into “the sands of time,” and hear the peals

## XXII.

Of after generations’ windy praises: —  
’T is better far to live an honest man,  
And, when you die, look up and see the *daisies*  
Only upon your grave, — ’t is better than, —  
Like Cæsar, to be great, and, having crushed  
The world, bear *tons of marble* on your groaning dust!

## XXIII.

Remember, I was up in that piazza  
Between two worlds; and she, — that flirting Vision, —  
Was promenading with the Student, as a  
Couple of dancers, *waltzing* — not division,  
I mean, enough between them: — (waltzing is a  
*Dangerous* dance; it makes young people dizzy;



## XXIV.

And then, they sometimes *fall* ; and then, you know,  
This brings a scandal on all other dances  
Among the Puritanic ; those who go,  
Rightly, for ancient customs, not for France's ;  
And hence, I recommend the good old fashioned  
Dancings ; these waltzes are too much *impassioned* !

## XXV.

Besides, it always seemed to me as if a  
Beau'd break a young belle's back, to jerk her round  
In such a perilous twirl, were it not stiffer  
Than it appears to be, and tightly bound  
With *stays* together, like the rigging of a  
Tall ship.) — But then she never fears her lover :

## XXVI.

'Twas even so with Nancy ; she was walking  
Calmly — not coolly though — with that tall Student,  
As I have just described ; and they were talking  
Soft, tender things, no doubt, and most imprudent  
Alike for both. 'Twas dusk ; " the moon was rising,"  
Of course, with virgin blush, — 't was not surprising !

XXVII.

I should have blushed myself, had I not been  
 All-boiling-over-full of indignation, —  
 Which swallows up all other reddening, —  
 At this my sky-high, rocking, dizzying station !  
 I should have sworn ; — but then no gentleman  
 Will ever swear, but hold in, if he can !

XXVIII.

“ Confound the girl ! ” I said ; “ Confound the fuss ! ” —  
 Then, all at once, the scene was changed ; I dreamed  
 I saw them in a Cambridge omnibus ; —  
 And then “ the buss ” tipt over ! and she screamed ;  
 But ’scaped unharmed ; — and then, — Oh ! it was cruel, —  
 That very week, I dreamed, they fought a duel.

XXIX.

It seems that he had sent a *billet-doux*  
 To her, which some one else had intercept,  
 And written, in its stead, a letter to  
 Nancy of quite a different kind, and kept  
 The real one ; and Nancy wrote in turn  
 To him, these “ thoughts that breathe and words that burn : ”

## XXX.

*"Oh! most unfeeling, cruel, treacherous fellow!  
You wrote; 't is done! and I have done with thee!"  
Alas! my heart! —'t is melting now, like tallow,  
With unextinguishable love! — I'll be  
Revenged! — And like a man of honor, cruel  
Young man, I challenge you to fight a duel!!!"*

## XXXI.

The Student was no coward. To refuse  
Was not his nature. Now in all such cases  
The challenged have the privilege to choose  
The weapons, their own seconds, times and places :  
And he, of course, in knightly, classic phrase  
Wrote back to her th' acceptance, time and place :

## XXXII.

*"My own sweet Nancy! if it be that thou  
Art thirsting for my blood, and seekest to kill  
Me dead, thy will be done; and I will bow  
Submissively: this very night, I will,  
At set of sun, meet thee, and thou shalt take  
"Pop-squirts," and fight with me on 'Cambridge Lake!'"*

## XXXIII.

True to their word, the furious lovers met  
To quench their mutual rage, in that unknown  
Fantastic way. The golden sun had set  
Far in the west. Unseconded, alone,  
The two young duellists were in a boat,  
And on the centre of the pond afloat.

## XXXIV.

Oh! God! and can it be that each of two,  
Who have such mutual hate, should wish to give  
To each a *chance* to blow each other through  
The brains or heart? — I should prefer to live  
By all means, — but, if I *must* die, 't would be  
Foolish to do 't, to *please an enemy*!

## XXXV.

Fighting is dreadful silly; — but a battle  
Is much more sensible than duelling;  
The first is like a slaughter-house of cattle  
And sheep and hogs, wherein a Prince, or King,  
Or President, are butchers, and do not  
Butcher *themselves* with bombs and swords and shot;

## XXXVI.

Nor rush to sudden death. Instead of going  
To fight; they stay at home, *to oversee!* —  
To use a homely phrase; they “do the *hoeing*”  
*Per alios*; under some shadowy tree  
They smoke, and, while “the boys” bring hills and dirt,  
To them, they hoe the corn; —’t is sweaty work! —

## XXXVII.

But then, they reap the harvest, — glory, too! —  
And the Historian will write it “brown;”  
*That battle was a second Waterloo!*  
*Great man! he knocked a Sister Nation down!*  
*He killed her sons and daughters! “bunged” her eyes! —*  
*And bore away immortal victories!*

## XXXVIII.

Besides, there seems to be no other way  
To “raise” our Presidents: we want to know  
Of what their skulls are made; for in *our day*  
There are so many formed of yielding “dough,”  
’T is best to choose one whose *thick* cranium  
Cannot be fractured by a hostile bomb!

## XXXIX.

Again, beside our martial President,

There must be under-officers, whose duty  
It is to legislate, and represent

The People. Warriors must be paid in booty,  
Money, or honors ; hence I would suggest,  
(I trust the Nation, too, will deem it best,)

## XL.

That we elect "*The Volunteers*" to all

Our minor offices ; they all are "*ready*"  
And "*rough*," like "Zac,"—to meet their Country's call :

All unemploy'd, and more, they're *sometimes* steady !—  
Cambridge and Boston, listen ! choose your Mayors  
From those bold Mexicanian-woman slayers !

## XLI.

They fought our battles for us, glorious fellows !

They revelled in the "Halls of Mexico !"   
They saved our Country's honor from the gallows !

They struck ! they laid our *proud invaders* low ! —  
Shall we, by "base ingratitude," repay  
Those lofty souls, whom bullets would not slay ?

## XLII.

Hear me ! my Country ! — “ Hear me for my cause ! ”

You must have officers ; and who ? ay, who, —  
If not the *great defenders* of your laws, —

Deserve to make them ? — Webster never blew  
A man's brains out ; he's a Civilian ; we  
Must have a man, who has *stabbed, at least, one enemy !*

## XLIII.

What though he cannot read, nor speak, nor write ? —

There are enough who can, and who will give  
Him aid, and “ *write his letters !* ” — He can *fight* ;

'T is all we want, — a *strong* Executive ! —  
'T is false to say that *knowledge, intellect,*  
*Experience* and so forth, can *protect !*

## XLIV.

I am no politician ; but I feel,

Sometimes, a little kind of patriotic :  
I wish well for my country's highest weal,

And fain would save her from the dark, chaotic  
Regions, to which she's rushing, like an ass ! —  
Warriors ! to arms ! — three cheers for “ Zac ” and Cass ! —

## XLV.

ut where are our young duellists ? — Alack !  
 We left them in the midst of " Cambridge Lake ; "  
 and night was gathering round them fast and black :  
 But night, nor dew, nor waters could not slake  
 'heir rage. No, had the lake been thick with ice,  
 and not yet thawed by beams of beauteous eyes,

## XLVI.

'hey still had raged. — There was a perfect calm ;  
 The boat lay still ; and they were gazing ; he  
 n Nancy's eyes ; while she leaned on his arm,  
 In all her round voluptuosity,  
 'gazing on him ! Their gaze was silent, sad, —  
 a gaze pugnacious, amorous, fearful, mad !

## XLVII.

Men are uncommonly polite, 't is said,  
 And shake hands, just before they fight a duel. —  
 never saw a *calf* knocked in the head,  
 Without a shriek : how could I bear so cruel  
 A sight as this, I feared, would soon disgrace  
 New England's fairest, shadiest watering place ?



## XLVIII.

I raised my eyes aloft ; a cloud, between  
Me and the earth, hid all the fearful sight.  
I thanked my stars ; and on the fairy scene  
Of that piazza gazed with " wild delight."  
It was a princely place, and every part  
Adorned with pearls and gems and works of art.

## XLIX.

Statues and paintings charmed the wondering eye ;  
And many a scene historic graced the wall,  
The poet and the painter seemed to vie  
Upon the self-same canvass, for they all  
Had gilded frames, whose golden letters told,  
Descriptive of the piece, some legend high and old.

## L.

One there was there, — I seem to see it now ; —  
It was an antique picture, and it bore,  
Inscribed around, this unknown legend, how  
This Western Continent, long years before  
The Flood, was peopled. — 'T was a simple tale,  
Descriptive of the landing and the setting sail :

OF

DOLDO AND DADA.

I.

In earliest time, —  
A tale sublime : —  
On Europe's western coast  
Two lovers strayed,  
As the evening shade  
Led forth the starry host.

Young amorous pair :  
The youth was fair ;  
The maid, a beautiful Eve. —  
Why sadly talk  
They, as they walk ? —  
Love was not born to grieve.

“ Ah ! Dada ! ” — sighed  
The youth, “ my bride  
Thou can'st not be ! ” and placed  
His arm around  
Her neck ; she wound  
Her arm around his waist.

“Our fathers are  
At deadly war,  
Thou know’st ! This very day  
He called me near, —  
Thou do’st not hear ! —  
Ah ! hast thou swooned away !

“Speak, Dada, speak ! —  
Thy glowing cheek  
Was never cold before ! ” —  
“Go on my dear,”  
She sighed, “I hear,  
But soon shall hear no more ! ”

“A father’s curse  
Had parted us :  
This very day he swore ;  
‘Take Dada’s hand,  
And house and land  
And home thou hast no more ! ’

“But I will be  
A home to thee ! ”  
The tearful Dada cries ;  
“The world is wide,  
And on the tide  
A father’s frigate lies !

“ Ah! threeply worse  
A father's curse  
I, too, have shared : ‘ Thy life ’  
This day he swore,  
‘ Shall be no more,  
The hour thou 'rt Doldo's wife! ’

“ Wilt fly with me?  
Far in the sea  
There lies an island fair :  
Three nights ago  
I dreamed it so,  
And you and I were there! ”

“ Ah! Dada! ” cried  
The youth, “ My bride,  
Thou 'rt worth a thousand farms !  
And more than this  
Of earthly bliss  
Crave not these clasping arms! ” —

Strained to his heart  
No more to part  
He holds fair Dada now.  
Thus on the beach  
Each vows to each,  
And kisses seal the vow.

The stars above  
Record their love ;  
Record their nuptial vow : —  
In ancient days  
Were shorter ways  
Of marrying than now.

“ Full of supplies  
The frigate lies ;  
My father's men, to-morrow,  
Sail ere the dawn ; —  
‘ She 's lost ! she 's gone ! ’  
They 'll wail, I ween, to-morrow ! ”

He said ; and bore  
Far from the shore  
Fair Dada round his neck :  
He stems the tide,  
He bears his bride ; —  
They reach the frigate's deck.

No sailor there ; —  
The anchor's care  
Was all that kept the ship : —  
The rope with brave  
Soul cut, he gave  
His father-land the slip !

He hoists the sails ; —  
 Strong eastern gales  
 Blow freshly from the shore ; —  
 And ere the day  
 They are far away,  
 And never were heard of more !

II.

Till once, it is said, as the morning red  
 Shone over the Western World,  
 The frigate appeared : — wild animals feared  
 And back to the forest whirled.

At first but a speck ; but soon on the deck  
 Brave Doldo was seen, and another ;  
 'T was Dada, and pressed to her beautiful breast  
 Twin infants, for she was a mother.

Their dangers are o'er ; they are safe on the shore,  
 No mortal to tyrannize o'er them :  
 What more could they ask than in pleasures to bask  
 Of a continent stretching before them ?

And many a year, twin infants they rear  
To people this wilderness then ;  
Till Dada had died, and close by her side  
Lay he, the oldest of men.

And it came to pass, as they danced on the grass,  
That the virgins were fair to behold  
In the eyes of the men ; and they married them then  
Before they were twenty years old.

And they multiplied fast, and the wilderness passed  
Away with its terrors and frowns ;  
And fair as the rose, the Continent blows  
With fields and with gardens and towns.

And cities they built, and mansions begilt,  
And temples that reached to the skies ;  
And they worship and sing till the corridors ring ; —  
And odors and incense arise.

And war was unknown ; the bugle unblown,  
And the drum rolled not for the battle ;  
No armies' alarms ; no clashing of arms ;  
No loud artillery's rattle.

No inordinate lust called "dust unto dust,"  
 Ere their lives were but half of a span ;  
 But they lived till they died, and lost not the pride  
 Of godlike, immaculate man !

Too blissful to last, like a vision they passed,  
 The antediluvian times !  
 Ah ! bright was the day, but it faded away  
 In a night of delusion and crimes !

---

LI.

There was another picture there ; it seemed  
 To move with life ; a sad, celestial story,  
 Though the poet and the painter dreamed  
 Together one long, soul-like allegory.  
 Was a mournful, but instructive strain ;  
 The scene far west of Paradise, — THE BIRTH OF CAIN :

Their swords of fire, the angel choir  
 Were waving in the skies,  
 At evening's fall, high o'er the wall  
 Of guarded Paradise ;



And as they sung — on rainbows swung —  
    Of justice and of love,  
Though mortal ear no sound could hear,  
    Their notes were heard above ; —  
(For spirit sounds may have no bounds,  
    On heavenly ether borne,  
Until they reach the farthest beach  
    Of endless space, where morn  
With evening meets, and Chaos beats  
    With his blue surges far  
Beyond the home where comets roam,  
    Or shines a twinkling star ;  
Or till they meet and mingle sweet  
    With music of the spheres,  
That humming through the vaulted blue,  
    Sound sweet in heavenly ears ;  
But none may hear save angel's ear  
    And spirits of the blest,  
Whom oft, 't is said, on azure bed,  
    It sweetly lulls to rest ;)  
While thus they sung, o'er Eden swung, —  
    Far on her natal globe,  
From slumber broke and dreaming woke  
    The goddess Hope, with robe

From shoulders thrown, amazed, alone  
Did list the silver chime.  
One tear she shed, and swiftly sped  
To earth's far distant clime.  
Swifter than thought with fancy fraught,  
Sweet messenger of love,  
She wings her way, and e'er the day,  
Descending from above,  
Brought dusky night, she ends her flight  
Far west of Paradise,  
Where Adam stood in pining mood,  
And Eve with tearful eyes  
Sat on the sod late cursed of God,  
Her first born in her arms, —  
A new-born child that had not smiled  
Upon a mother's charms;  
But ever wept and never slept  
In slumbers calm and deep —  
Yet still would cry (they knew not why,)  
But deemed it born to weep.  
“Is this the lot that all begot  
By me are doomed to bear?”  
The father cried, “would we had died  
E'er he'd inhaled the air!

Then woe and pain our infant Cain  
    (And for a parent's crimes,) .  
Had never shared, and millions spared  
    Had been in after times! "  
But tearful Eve alone could grieve, —  
    Her heart too big within;  
Her dewy eye made deep reply,  
    She felt the curse of sin.  
But closer pressed unto her breast  
    She strained her infant now,  
And kissed away the bitter spray  
    That fell upon his brow.  
" Behold! behold! what form in gold  
    And heavenly radiance dressed,  
(As fair to view as first I knew  
    Thee in the garden blessed,)  
Approaches now, with placid brow,  
    Like those in Paradise  
We used to meet! Prepare to greet  
    The guest with cheerful eyes."  
He scarce had spoke and silence broke  
    To his afflicted love,  
E'er borne on wings dipt in the springs  
    Of diamond founts above,

The Goddess came, whilst ambient flame  
    Played gentle round her head,  
And with a face all heavenly grace,  
    'T was thus she smiling said :  
" Hail, noble pair ! as angels fair,  
    Sole lords of beauteous earth !  
Why may ye weep in sadness deep,  
    When fresh as at its birth,  
All nature smiles, and e'en beguiles,  
    By 'ts witching loveliness,  
Of blooming flowers and vocal bowers,  
    The spirits down from bliss ?  
Earth was not made and thus arrayed  
    In robes of living light,  
That ye should weep, — it was to keep  
    Your hearts as cheerful, bright,  
And fair and fresh (though human flesh,)  
    As nature's face benign.  
Away with sadness ! for 't is madness  
    To murmur and repine ! "  
While yet she spoke, behold ! there broke  
    From out a shady grove  
A timid deer ; and bounding near,  
    A monster lion strove

To reach his prey ; now far away  
The nimble buck has fled.  
Back to his den the lion then  
Turned his fierce, shaggy head.  
“And such the pride,” thus Adam cried,  
“Of mortal, earthly bliss !  
’T is ever so ! where e’er we go  
Some bloody monster is !  
’T was even thus, (O ruined us ! )  
While in the Garden yet  
We roamed, for there where pleasures are  
Found most, most ills beset !  
’T were vain to fly ! ’t were vain to try, —  
New snares each step attend ;  
The lion still will have his fill, —  
The lambkin must his end ! ”  
Hope sweetly smiled, and answered mild, —  
“ E’en now, escaped from fate,  
Behold the deer, secure from fear,  
Strays feeding with his mate.  
The lion’s paw, the tiger’s jaw,  
Harm not the harmless hare.  
Their wings shall guard from bloody pard  
The warbling birds of air.

Shall reasoning man be void of plan  
    To escape from fancied ills  
Or those that be ! 't is easy, — flee  
    Like roe-buck on the hills.”  
She paused, and lo ! down bending low  
    She plucked a budding rose,  
Sweet scented, and with fairy hand  
    Held to the infant's nose  
The simple flower, whose magic power  
    Lit up a dimple smile  
On lip and cheek, that seemed to speak  
    Of inward joy the while.  
His baby arm to grasp the charm  
    Forsook the mother's breast:  
He holds the rose, — his joy o'erflows, —  
    His sobs are lulled to rest.  
Delighted stood in pensive mood  
    The father of our race ;  
His bride and child before him smiled,  
    And smiles played o'er his face.  
Hope saw and raised her wings that blazed  
    With a celestial light,  
And once anew heaven-ward she flew,  
    And melted from their sight.

And where she went an arch was bent,  
Binding the heavens and earth,  
And seemed a way where souls might stray  
From first to second birth.  
And the angel choir, whose swords of fire  
Were waving in the skies,  
At evening's fall, high o'er the wall  
Of guarded Paradise,  
No more were seen with dreadful sheen  
Of flaming brands on high ; —  
They too had fled and backward sped  
To homes above the sky.

---

## LIL

There was another saddening landscape there, —  
Which made me weep only to look upon ; —  
An old, decrepit man, with silvery hair  
And trembling limbs, ('t was at the set of sun,)  
Leaned on his staff ; and with a mournful look  
Thus chided with his boyhood's babbling brook :

“ Cease, fair brooklet, cease thy roaring !  
 Cease one moment, while I tell thee  
 Who I am, that, here deploring,  
 On thy banks would now address thee.

“ Cease, fair brooklet, cease thy roaring !  
 You and I were young together —  
 Now life's sun is swiftly lowering ;  
 Dark and gloomy grows the weather !

“ Cease, fair brooklet, cease thy roaring !  
 White and frozen winter chills me —  
 Why should snows be on me pouring,  
 While the Spring with flowerets fills thee !

“ Cease, fair brooklet, cease thy roaring !  
 Once I loved thy childish prattle ;  
 Now it sounds like one deploring  
 Youth and beauty slain in battle !

“ Cease, fair brooklet, cease thy roaring,  
 Did I bid thee ? Never, never !  
 But, beside my grave still pouring,  
 Dance and prattle roaring ever ! ”



## LIII.

I dropt a tear, and turned aside to view  
A large historic picture, that was hung  
High on my left. — But sudden, as I drew  
Nigh it, the bridge shakes ! and an unknown tongue  
Salutes my ears ! — I turned to gaze upon  
The ghost, — it was the Cambridge Mastodon !

## LIV.

“Angels and ministers of grace, defend us !”  
I shrieked. She stood in silence on me gazing ; —  
A most gigantic ghost, with wings stupendous,  
And eyes that were like two great comets blazing ! —  
“Young man !” she said, with a sarcastic frown,  
“The Faculty have sent me here to bring you down !

## LV.

“The Proctors have reported you for being  
*Tardy at prayers !*” Thus, with a genuflexion,  
She spake, and bade me mount. I did so, seeing  
That I was “sent for” from that dread direction ! —  
She spreads her wings, and, like a monstrous hawk,  
Sails through the night, but cheers the way with friendly  
talk :

## I.

"T will take us nearly half an hour to go  
To Cambridge City : — should you wish to know  
My history, — unknown to mortal man, —  
Listen : — I am an Antediluvian !  
I saw the everlasting waters rise, —  
Mountains descend, and ocean lift the skies ; —  
The monsters of the deep usurp the place,  
Where guilty man had reigned, and the sinless race  
Of animals ! — I heard the dying groans  
Of a drowning world, commingling with the tones  
Of heaven's artillery, rattling over the deep,  
Borne on by tempests in their maddening sweep !  
While, like a band of Gabriels brandishing high  
Their flaming swords, fork'd lightnings split the sky !  
Now like some lost, some damnèd, hideous soul,  
The Northern Lights danced towards the antarctic pole,  
Threading the waves ! — The very stars did weep,  
For grief, big tears that falling swelled the deep !  
Mercy was deaf : the avenging angel strode  
Above the world : driven from their dark abode,  
Deep in the womb of earth, fiends rose and cried  
And howled and shrieked, awhile, along the tide,  
Seizing the spirits of drowning men, and bore  
Them to that world where floods shall drown no more !

## II.

“ Now had the waters lifted high  
Above the world the floating sky :  
For forty days and forty nights  
The rain descended, and the heights  
Of all the mountains sank to be  
Lost in that world-embracing sea.

But where was I ? and where those,  
Who with me on the waters rose ?  
For two there were : the one a fair  
Young girl, the chaste, the pure Gallnair.  
Her eyes were like the evening star ;

Her lips sweet as the myrtle ;  
Her locks like sunset clouds afar ;

Her voice soft as the turtle.  
She dwelt high on a mountain side,  
And kept me for herself to ride :  
On lofty pannel raised on high  
I bore her 'twixt the earth and sky ;  
And, as we bounded over the plains,  
She cheered the way with tuneful strains :  
At morn we sought the mountain height,  
And scoured the plains in the evening light. —  
She only chaste and pure remained,  
When here the mighty Deluge reigned. —

The floods arose ; she mounted me,  
Her refuge on that boundless sea.  
But who was he now at her side ?  
A youth, who had sought her for his bride,  
In vain ; but when the rains descended,  
She pitied him, and thus befriended.

I bore them up, and paddled round  
For forty days, nor touched the ground. —  
The sun breaks forth at last, and hark !  
They shout, “ a ship ! ” — ’T was “ Noah’s Ark.”

## III.

“ ’T was supper time : all, saving Ham,  
Had gone to prayers and down to *cram*.  
He stands alone high on the deck,  
And softly hails the floating speck.  
He deemed the maid exceeding fair,  
And longed to save the chaste Gallnair.  
He throws to her a twisted rope,  
And bids her grasp her only hope.  
She seizes it. Ham pulls ; her lover,  
While helping, hoisting her, fell over ! —  
Him Ham cared not so much to save,  
And left him to a watery grave ;

But in the top-loft of the ship  
He hides Gallnair, the rosy-lip! —  
Nor Noah nor, Shem, nor Japhet knew  
Of this addition to the crew :  
But well they noticed every day,  
That Ham stole off, and used to stay  
Long time alone ; they knew not why,  
But deemed it wondrous piety.

## IV.

“ Now sailing on directly west, —  
The Rocky Mountains show their crest.  
But, ah ! alas ! for poor Gallnair ! —  
Noah’s sons had found that she was there,  
And told their sire ; who orders Ham  
To send her into the mighty *dam*,  
From whence she came ; for it was made  
To drown the world and every maid !  
“ Oh ! save the *fair* ! dear father save  
This spouse of mine a watery grave ! ”  
Cries Ham. — Frowning, old Noah replied,  
“ I know her not ! she is no bride ! —  
Lo ! *there* thy only partner stands,  
With rolling eyes and lifted hands. ” —

Ham answering, weeps, "father, 't is true,  
She is *one* wife — and *this* makes *two*!" —  
"One wife's enough!" growls Noah, and so  
Must this wild ocean mermaid go!

## v.

"Amen!" cry *Ham's wife*, Shem and Japhet;  
And in their stony hearts not a bit  
Of pity dwelt. — Ham scarce could speak,  
Before they placed her on the peak  
Of the Rocky Mountains, towering now  
Well nigh the Ark, before the prow!

On shoots the Ark; but as they go,  
Ham from the stern with manly throw  
Sends her a keg of crackers, and  
Raisins and cheese, waving his hand. —

On sailed the Ark, until it sat  
High on the side of Ararat.  
I saw it fading in the west,  
And went to my eternal rest.  
I died, and floated everywhere. —  
But would'st thou know how fared Gallnair?  
She lived, and as the waters fell,  
She left the mountain for the dell.

She sought a warm secluded place ;  
*Great Mother of the Indian race.*

## VI.

“ Now when the earth was nearly dry,  
High on a hemlock rested I,  
An hundred fathoms in the sky !  
Bees in my body built their hive :  
Even though dead, I seemed alive. —  
At last a terrible tempest came :  
Loud thunders roar ; fork'd lightnings flame !  
The hemlock broke, — a frightful crash !  
My body fell with ponderous splash  
Deep into the mud below, and stuck  
For ages in New Jersey muck !

But all, who are in their graves, shall rise  
And wipe the dust out of their eyes !  
My time, at last, I felt was coming ;  
I knew it by an ominous humming.  
They dug me up ! — The first of all  
My tribe, I graced a College wall ! ”

LVI.

He ended ; and I heard a frightful pounding ? —  
 It was the Goody, with her “ broom and pail.”  
 The bell for morning prayers had long been sounding !  
 She says, “ what makes you look so very pale ? ” —  
 I’ve had a dream.” — “ Spring to ’t, or you ’ll be late ! ” —  
 Do’nt care ! ’T was worth “ *a part* ” among the “ *Second*  
*Eight !* ” —

LVII.

His, doubtless, *was* one of the longest dreams,  
 I ever dreamed : ’t was quite too long ; but then  
 ’t was better to do this, than to write themes  
 That might have better pleased the thoughtless train,  
 Or even those self-righteous souls, who love  
 The shameful thing, and yet the thing reprove !





•

# CHILDE HARVARD.

---

## CANTO IV.

"Lives of great men all remind us," — LONGFELLOW.



# CHILDE HARVARD.



## CANTO IV.

"Lives of great men all remind us." — LONGFELLOW.

### I.

CITY of Science, dust, and trees! thy shades,  
Thy classic walks, thy winding stream, — thy lake,  
The haunt of Muses or of Cyprian maids, —  
"Porter's," "Mount Auburn," and the like;—'t will take  
One canto more, at least, to tell thy story,  
And to embalm Childe Harvard in a *cloud* of glory!

## II.

We left the little fellow rudely "*crammed*," —  
Two cantos back, — into the Student's pocket,  
Streaking like mist! — Much were his young limbs jammed  
From side to side ; for, like some golden locket  
On a fair dancing maiden's breast, he flew,  
This way and that, through Cambridge dust and dew !

## III.

Long was the race : " it suits me not to tell,"  
How far, nor through what varied scenes he passed,  
In that dark night ; — what " hair-breadth scapes " befel,  
What "*moving accidents*." — A veil is cast  
Around it all. Some loftier bard, ere long,  
*May* solve the mystery in high *dactylic* song ! —

## IV.

Mine be the lowlier task of simply telling  
The tale " as it was told to me." My muse,  
That night, was sick, or absent, or was dwelling  
On loftier themes, or in Castilian dews  
Meandering : — she is like a *swan* in all  
Respects, except she cannot — sing at-all !

## V.

n she feels melodious, and there is  
music in her heart than on her tongue :  
music of the spheres " is perfect bliss  
er ; — she told me once, the stars were strung  
er by a telegraphic wire ! —  
told her, she was a perfect — *Lyre* !

## VI.

d me that Le Verrier was not  
bited by men, but empty shades : —  
ent times the weather was so hot  
summer there, that all the trees and blades  
ss were withered up ; and all the men  
omen melted into nothing then,

## VII.

asts and birds !—all, save their *ghosts*, were *drained* !  
ile they grumbled at so wild and strange  
: of nature ; but have since remained  
ented, for they find it takes less *change*  
without a body, than to keep  
avouring herbs and cows and sheep !

## VIII.

There are innumerable other things  
That compensate their loss : — they need no clothes,  
Nor carriages ; (of course, they all have wings  
And talk in poetry instead of prose !)  
They need no presidents, nor kings ; they deem  
All equal, for all are exactly as they seem ;

## IX.

And one man looks directly through another !  
They cannot *kill*, having no flesh to *stab* !  
They tried to fight, at first, but found it rather  
Hurt *them*, more than their foes. One sought to *grab*  
Another by the throat ; the other flew  
At him ; unharmed each passed the other through !

## X.

Oh ! that Republics, men and nations were  
Divested of their flesh, “ and all the lusts  
Thereof,” on earth ! — thus *driven* to prefer  
A Christian peace, to all the fiery bursts  
Of bloody war ! 'Tis vain : they still will beat  
And gash and gore and stab and tear each other's meat !

XI.

Childe Harvard, — where was he ? 'T is only known

That he was safely lodged, next day, by some  
Kind hand, without his mother, all alone,

In Cambridge Alms House ; 't is the only home  
For strangers in the place ! — Through fear of sin,  
Or something *worse*, the *City* has no "*public* inn !"

XII.

Childe Harvard screamed, as well he might, to see

So many strangers ; and the Landlord wrote,  
Next morn, directed to the Faculty

And President, this hasty, pithy note :

"Whereas, instead of carrying to its ma'am's-house,  
Some cruel one has sent to Cambridge Alms-House,

XIII.

"A certain Child ; I warn the Faculty

And all concerned, forthwith, to ascertain

('T will *save* the town from *rearing* him, you see !)

From whence he came ; and carry him back again !!

If there be any known, or thought of ; then 't is

But just to make him stand '*in loco parentis* !'



## XIV.

“ The child was left, — it cannot be disputed, —  
In your domains ; and we have called his name,  
‘ *Harvard*,’ both from the place and his reputed  
Parents ; and you must either bear the shame, —  
You or some of your *under-graduates*, — or  
Support the child, and change his name by law ! ”

## XV.

These were hard terms, and most insinuating,  
And most derogatory to the boys  
And Faculty : — but every thing relating  
To conflagrations, rogueries and noise,  
Of *course*, the Students father ! — should a hay-  
Stack burn from *lightning-bugs* ! it would be *they* ! !

## XVI.

It is not fair ; and yet, should all the mothers  
Of Cambridge leave, — as soon as they were born, —  
Their infants in the College yard, no others  
Except the Students must endure the scorn ! —  
The Faculty resolved to nip, ’t is said,  
The bud, and knock the subject in the head.

## XVII.

'T was Monday night, and bright the lamps were shining,  
In many a cloistered room, — from “Massachusetts,”  
“Hollis,” “Holworthy,” “Stoughton;” — and reclining  
On cushioned couch, — as infants hold their new “têts  
Of sugar,” — many a student held his book,  
Or his cigar, with meditative look.

## XVIII.

The Faculty had just assembled, bearing  
Upon their lofty brows the marks of strong  
Resolve : they all had sworn, or now were swearing,  
To perish, or redress the shameful wrong !  
Ah ! terrible the clash, when Greeks meet Greeks !  
Listen, 't is *he* ; — behold him, where he speaks :

## XIX.

“This is one of those elementary  
Occasions, Gentlemen, in which we sow  
Seeds that may spring up in eternity ! —  
To elevate the humble, and bring low  
The lofty, has been truly said to be  
The height of Art and Eloquence and Poetry.

## XX.


“You, Gentlemen, are doubtless, all aware  
That Tuesday night, between the hours of 'leven  
And twelve o'clock, . . . a child . . . was left somewhere,—  
Abandoned to the guardian eye of Heaven,—  
Within the College yard! — The City Powers,—  
Without a cause, I *trust*, — have called it ours!

## XXI.

“To rid ourselves of this disgrace, and hurl  
Suspicion to the winds, we must resolve  
To act like men. Be not like a timid girl  
Upon her bridal eve! — *reason, resolve*,  
*At first*, like sages; *then*, in calm debate,  
Let each his wise excogitations state.

## XXII.

“You all have read the *prolegomena*,  
Sent by the City Powers, directed to  
The College, President and Faculty: —  
Few circumstances, in the long review  
Of centuries, — from Noah to Charlemagne,  
From Charlemagne to us, — have given me greater pain!



## XXIII.

“ A young . . . *immortal* . . . *soul*, in that *frail* casket —  
A tender infant's body — left alone  
Under the pump, laid in a little basket ;  
An infant, that, perchance, had graced a throne, —  
Had he been born, with more propitious stars, —  
Led ‘Senates at his heels,’ and heard the World's huzzas !—

## XXIV.

“ A young, *immortal*, *soul*, — thrown on the wide,  
Wild ocean of existence, to be cast  
By every storm and moon directed tide  
This way and that, the sport of every blast, —  
Demands our notice : — *Pindar* *deigned* to roll  
*His* verse in praise of *horses* ; *an immortal soul*,

## XXV.

“ Wherever it may be, should draw to it, —  
Even as the magnet points to where the ore  
Lies buried in the earth's embowelled pit, —  
*All who have souls themselves.* We ask no more.  
You, Gentlemen, I hope, will now *discuss* :—  
The child will soon arrive here in the omnibus.”

## XXVI.


He ended ; and another arose ; his eye  
Was piercing as an eagle's, for he looks  
Upon the Sun, and threads immensity  
In thoughts, and writes its wonders in his books.  
Le Verrier ! " westward the star " of Science  
Has winged its way, and boldly bids the world defiance !

## XXVII.

" Shall we, — we Gentlemen of the Faculty, —  
*Shall* we (not *can* we, for no one denies  
Our powers) father all the infancy  
Of Cambridge ? or give heed to all the cries  
Of folly, ignorance and superstition ?  
If so, ours is an *enviable* condition !

## XXVIII.

" We're called upon to give an explanation  
As to the parents of the child ! — Here is  
' *A manifest absurdity !* ' — Th' *equation*  
Has, in the *first* place, no *known quantities* !  
And in the *second* place, I cannot see  
Even, as yet, one *unknown* quantity ! "



## XXIX.

"*One unknown quantity*," replied the former,

"Will soon arrive here in the omnibus :

Till then, through fear the argument grow warmer

Than might seem good, and wholly decorous ; —

With your permission, Gentlemen, I may

Amuse your fancies in a more fantastic way.

## XXX.

"I hold here, in my hand, a document,—

It has a *distant* bearing on the topic

Before us now, — a poem, written and sent

In hither, by our learnèd, philanthropic

And most poetic friend ; who, — I regret, —

Is absent, owing to the *mud* and *dew*bious wet.

## XXXI.

" '*Messieurs, mes très chers Frères !*' (this is a letter

Of his to us,) 'I feel, I owe no slight

Apology for absence ; were it better

Walking, and I not indisposed, this night

Would hear my voice, '*toujours riant*,' among

You of the head and heart and classic tongue !

## XXXII.


“ The only substitute, that I can send,  
Is this slight scroll, replete with airy fancies,  
Composed by me and by our *mutual* friend, —  
Who bends on Nature most poetic glances,  
And feels in her embrace, of roseate charms, /  
A pleasure scarcely less than in his partner's arms! —

## XXXIII.

“ All, that is beautiful in Nature, fills us  
With rhapsodies! we never see a beauty-  
Ful flower, or tree, or maiden, — but it thrills us  
With most delirious throbs! — There is a *Psuchè*, —  
A *soul*, — pervading all: it is that thing  
‘ Which moves itself; ’ from whence all motions spring:

## XXXIV.

“ It sets the *embryo* of the egg rotating  
About its *nucleus*; it starts the flower  
And bud of every plant; — the all-creating  
Agent of Him, who boundless is in power,  
Knowledge and love and majesty: — to *feel*  
Its presence *every where*, creates the poet's zeal.



## XXXV.

"You, Gentlemen, I know, can sympathize  
With us in this : you can appreciate  
Our little work ; and what the word denies  
You will not fail to give, — and please to state  
Your views accordingly. — Our humble Scroll  
Is called,

## 'AN AFTERNOON MOUNT AUBURN STROLL.'

"Sweet Auburn, loveliest village of the plain!" — GOLDSMITH.

"Hence gifted bards  
Have ever loved the calm and quiet shades." — LONGFELLOW.

"The shapes, that haunt thy gloom,  
Make signs to us and move their withered lips  
Across the gulf of doom." — LOWELL.

## XXXVI.

"It was a soul-like afternoon, in that  
Poetic month of August ; — flowery, quaint  
And dusty-hoodèd month. Alone I sat,  
Secluded, gazing at the clouds ; — a faint  
And scarcely audible whisper in my soul,  
Thus warned me forth to a meandering stroll :



## XXXVII.

“Go, seek the village of the dead! and learn  
From their hushed lips, the holy end of life:  
Let its umbrageous stillness quench the burn  
And the perpetual broil of human strife.  
Go! like the cowlèd monk. and silent nun,  
And meditate the trees and flowers and tombs among!’

## XXXVIII.

“I heard the voice, and like the Apostle Paul, —  
When vision-smitten in his mad career, —  
‘Not disobedient to the heavenly call,’  
I heard it as the voice of gray-beard Seer  
In mediæval times; and toward the shade,  
Half conscious and enrapt my gaitered footsteps strayed.

## XXXIX.

“It was a soul-like afternoon; the dust, —  
That ever present monitor to tell  
Us what we are, — like spirits of the just  
Upon the Judgment day, or floating tail  
Of flying peacock or the albatross,  
Filled all the air with golden clouds of sun-beam dross!

## XL.

"Now had I reached the lofty entrance, high  
Upon whose sable cap-stone stands the text ;  
' *For dust thou art !* ' — my spirit heaved a sigh,  
To feel this world so awfully near the next ! —  
With thoughts of dissolution crowding fast  
Upon my soul, my footsteps through the portal passed.

## XLI.

"My mind was dust and ashes, and I deemed  
Myself a creeping thing, — a chrysalis ! —  
When suddenly upon my vision beamed  
A form, that bore more of the world of bliss  
About her than of earth ; and in my eye  
She seemed the chrysalis, changed to the butterfly !

## XLII.

"Others were there — but none so houri-seeming —  
With looks as gay and ball-room-like, as if  
There were no death, and all the living, teeming  
Millions of earth, were alway free from grief !  
She leaned upon a Student's arm ! — *His eye*  
Frowned on me as I passed — '*contempt of Faculty !*' —

## XLIII.

The reader paused, for there arose a rustling  
Among his auditors : just indignation  
Glowed fiercely on their brows. And there was bustling,  
And rising "in hot haste," as 't were the nation  
Called them to arms ! — One sprightlier than the rest  
Obtained the floor, and thus *expulsive* thoughts expressed:

"Gods! can a *Cambridge* senate long debate  
Which of the two to choose; to bear an insult,  
Or turn a Student off! — Where is the shade  
Of Quin? — Where are the spirits of our fathers,  
Those firm, unflinching heroes of the past,  
Whom all the fiends of hell united could not  
Drive from this *platform* of our constitution? —  
Shall they, as they look down from their high homes,  
Behold us fickle, wavering as the wind?  
Believe it not! Sirs, we will yet make known  
And seen and felt the vigor of our arms  
Invincible! — the Students yet shall cower  
Before us, as the slender reed before  
The pelting whirlwind! — What? — 't was scarce a year  
Ago, when even a Senior, for his insolence  
Shown towards a Dignitary of the College,

ugh slight and trivial in its nature when  
pared with this) received forthwith his sentence ;  
when the vote was put, even you did raise  
hands, and sanctioned it ! — I call again  
the fearless spirit ye there showed !  
conjure you, in the name of all  
unblemished dignity of other times, —  
se mantle, having fallen, rests on us —  
conjure you, that ye suffer not  
empt of College Faculty to go  
inished ! I conjure you, that ye suffer  
more the spirit of Catonian rigor  
tly to walk our streets complaining, and  
sing us of folly and remissness ! ” —

## XLIV.

nded ; and another, with a smile  
on his milder brow, uprising, said :  
haps 't were better that we pause awhile,  
til the present document be read,  
re we act.” — It pleased them : and again  
listened to the poet's mellow strain. —

## XLV.

“ I pass them ; and beneath the whispering pines, —  
    Among whose pitchy, fragrant branches sings  
The blue-bird, and the shrill-keyed locust whines, —  
    Am borne along by solemn thoughts, whose wings  
Spread wider ever, as I pierce the shade ; —  
When lo ! the guardian bust of Bowditch lifts its head.

## XLVI.

“ The *compass* and the *quadrant* still ; the *globe*, —  
    Whose trackless seas he taught to sail, — beneath  
His feet ; the ‘ *Mecanique Celeste* ; ’ the robe  
    Of veteran *voyager*, — all bespeak that death  
Has only borne him to a nobler state,  
Where Heaven’s high seas his spirit still may *navigate* !

## XLVII.

“ Oh, Death ! why should we fear thee so ? — Thou art  
    The parent of our souls ; thou *hatchest* them  
From out the egg of life : — the immortal part  
    Might never reach the ‘ New Jerusalem,’  
Did’st thou not brood upon the egg-filled nest  
Of earth, with thy black, frightful wings and hollow breast.

## XLVIII.

“ There towers the Chapel, with its granite walls  
And many pointed spires. — I like it not ;  
Methinks a comelier dome should hold the palls  
Of those, who rest them in this holy spot ! —  
I left it, floating, as upon a sea  
Of flowery thought, and reached the grave of ‘ Emily.’

## XLIX.

“ I love to meditate upon that sleeping  
And beautiful child ! How well it teaches me  
That death is but a balmy slumber, keeping  
Us for the morning of eternity !  
How often, as I gaze, my thoughtful heart  
Translates to me

## ‘ THE FLOWER’S REVENGE,’

From Freiligrath.

‘ On the couch’s downy cushion,  
Sleep surrounded, rests the maiden ; —  
Deeply sunk her auburn lashes,  
And her cheeks with purple laden.

On the painted flower-stand glistening  
Sits the vase, the costly token ;  
In it flowers the many-tinted,  
Dew-besprinkled, freshly broken.

Sultry air spreads damply brooding  
Through the room the flowers are laid in ;  
For the summer frights the coolness ; —  
Windows closed confine the maiden.

Stillness round and deepest silence !  
Sudden ! hark ! a gentle whisper !  
In the blossoms, in the branches,  
Moves a rustling, wistful lisper.

Forms of vapor from the flower-cups  
Float, like spirits light and airy ; —  
Tender mist their garments forming,  
Glittering crowns and bucklers wear they.

From the purple rose's bosom  
Lifts herself a slender maiden ;  
Loosely float her fluttering ringlets,  
Bright with dewy pearl-drops laden.

From the green and tawny leaflets  
Of the monk's-hood, fiercely beaming  
Treads a knight of dauntless spirit, —  
Sword and tufted helmet gleaming.

On his helmet nods the feather  
Of the gray and silvery heron.  
From the lily swings a damsel,  
Thin and gauze-like garments play on.

From the cup of Turkey-turban  
Strides a Moor of lofty bearing ;  
High upon his greenish head-dress  
Glow the crescent brightly flaring.

Glittering from the kaiser-krone  
Boldly shouts a sceptre-bearer ;  
From the azure Iris follow  
Many a huntsman, weapon wearer.

From the foliage of Narcissus  
Floats a boy of gloomy feature ;  
Seeks the maid, and burning kisses  
Gives the sleeping, beauteous creature.

Wildly whirling round the pallet  
In a dizzying circle swing they ;  
Whirl and sing, and to the sleeper  
These melodious measures sing they :

“ Maiden, maiden ! from the garden  
Hast thou cruel plucked and borne us,  
That we in the pictured vase may  
Pining perish, none to mourn us !



O, how rested we so blissful  
On earth's mother-bosom dreaming,  
Where the sun-light warmly kissed us,  
Through the verdant tree-tops gleaming;  
Where the freshening spring breeze cooled us,  
All our slender stalklets bending;  
Where, like fairies, nightly played we,  
From our leafy house ascending.  
Dew and rain flowed clearly round us;  
Now the murky water drenches; —  
We are fading; — ere we perish,  
Maiden, vengeance on the clenches!"

Soundless fades the song; — they bow to  
Her who sleepeth, lowly bending.  
In the dull and ancient silence  
Softly is the whisper ending.

What a rustling, what a whispering!  
How the maiden's cheeks are glowing!  
How the spirits breathe upon her!  
How the waving mists are flowing! —

As the sunlight hails the chamber,  
Forth the spirit forms have started. —  
On the couch's cushion slumbers  
Loveliest of the fair departed.

She herself, a wilted floweret,  
By her wilted mates reposes;  
Still her cheeks are slightly rubied ; —  
Slaughtered by the scent of roses !'

---

## L.

“ ‘ Shed not for her the bitter tear ;’ I read  
Too late ; for tear-refracted rainbows gild  
My eyes. — I leave her on her marble bed,  
Turning away. — The very air seemed filled  
With the sweet breath of flowers ; the oaks o’erhead  
Chanted with leafy tongues a requiem for the dead !

## LI.

“ Onward I passed to where the great-souled martyr,  
Bold breaker of the captive’s chain, the friend  
Of the unfriended, — he, who would not barter  
His conscience off, choosing a felon’s end, —  
Reposes. Torrey, bitter was thy cup,  
But it has passed away ; thy jewels are made up

## LII.


“ In heaven ! How sweet the memory, that we  
Have knocked one shackle from the suffering slave !  
Or set but one poor hopeless captive free,  
Even though we did it for an early grave !  
Who slew the Egyptian scourger, when he smote  
The Hebrew slave, will hail thee in that land remote

## LIII.

“ From all oppression ! — Onward, as I passed,  
Swinging my cane in meditative twirls,  
I saw a manly youth ; weeping he cast  
His eyes upon a group of smiling girls  
Floating among the flowers. — My memory ran  
Over these beautiful lines from Grün,

## ‘ THE TEAR OF MAN.’

‘ Maiden, didst thou see me weeping ?  
Lo ! the tear of *woman* seems  
Like the crystal dew of Heaven,  
That in blooming flower cup gleams.



Be it wept by night so gloomy,  
     Be it brought by morning red;  
 Still the flower the dew refreshes,  
     And revived she lifts her head.  
 But the tear of *man* resembleth  
     Amber that in Oriens grows;  
 Deeply in the tree's heart hidden  
     Seldom only gushing flows.  
 Through the rind e'en to the marrow  
     Inward must thou thrust the tap;  
 Then so golden, pure and limpid  
     Trickles forth the noble sap.  
 Soon indeed is drained the fountain,  
     And the tree grows green again;  
 And full many a spring-time greets it;  
     But the cut, the wounds remain.  
 Maiden, in thy memory fastened  
     Keep the Oriens' wondrous tree;  
 Maiden, keep in memory cherished  
     Him thou weeping once didst see.'

## LIV.


“Already seemed the hemlock grove to call  
Me with its whispering voice — when lo ! a form  
As of a youthful widow, fair and tall,  
Moves in the shade, like angels in the storm !  
Thoughtful she walked ; I hastened to embrace  
An opportunity to cheer her drooping face :

## LV.

“ ‘T is, Madam, sweet to roam alone above  
The graves of those who have departed ! ’ — She  
Replied ; ‘t is sweeter far with those we love,  
While living in a sweet community  
Of thought and action and of blended will,  
To thread the crowded hall, or social circle fill :

## LVI.

“ ‘I love the voice of children better far,  
Than all that poets sing of hills and vales,  
Of birds, whose warblings fill th’ ambrosial air  
With their “delirious” notes ! — I like no tales ;  
Reality has ever seemed to me  
Far more poetic than all written poetry ! ’



## LVII.

“ ‘It is,’ I said, ‘but natural that those,  
Who are themselves the poetry of life,  
Should not delight in poetry : the rose  
Never composes songs : — a beautiful wife  
And *husband* ; ’ — here her tears began to start ;  
Alas ! I feared that I had touched her near the heart.

## LVIII.

“ I left her, with a sigh, and downward bent  
My footsteps to Mount Auburn’s deepest dell  
And loveliest pond, beneath the steep ascent  
To ‘ Harvard Hill ; ’ I own I love it well,  
For there I feel as one, who stands between  
Two worlds, where only Heaven’s blue vault towers up  
between !

## LIX.

“ I sat me on the grassy brink, to list  
The hum of insects and the rustling oak ;  
To view the darting water-bugs, that twist  
Among the lily-pads ; or hear the croak  
Of wary turtle, or of pensive frog ! —  
’T was there I saw, and thus addressed a *Polliwog* :

## PART I.

‘ Dweller in the watery bog !  
Embryo-prototypic frog !  
Wagglng, wiggling polliwog !  
    Wiggle waggle ! waggle wiggle !

‘ Like a comet in the skies,  
Or the lash of maiden’s eyes,  
Still thy waggling taillet flies,  
    Wiggle waggle ! waggle wiggle !

‘ Restless as the waving ocean,  
Sportive as a baby’s notion,  
Still thou keepest thy waddling motion,  
    Wiggle waggle ! waggle wiggle !

‘ Like a cornfield, when it rustles,  
Or the shake of gowns and bustles  
Still thou pliest thy dorsal muscles,  
    Wiggle waggle ! waggle wiggle !

‘ As an hum-bird on the wing,  
As two lovers in a swing,  
So thou doest the self-same thing,  
    Wiggle waggle ! waggle wiggle !

‘ What though void of father, mother,  
Sister, cousin, friend or brother,  
Still thou mov’st this way and th’ other,  
Wiggle waggle! waggle wiggle!

‘ Like a cow, when flies are eating  
Her, or females’ fans at meeting,  
Ceaseless, ceaseless is the beating,  
Wiggle waggle! waggle wiggle!’

---

PART II.

‘ Thou hast taught me, what a lesson !  
That like thee, I, too, must press on  
While my bones retain their flesh on,  
Wiggle waggle! waggle wiggle!

“ Lives of great men all remind us ”  
That’s the way to leave behind us  
Wakes by which the world will find us,  
Wiggle waggle! waggle wiggle!



‘ What is life, or what is glory ?  
Mortal, ’t is the wag ling story :  
Wiggling till our locks are hoary,  
Wiggle waggle ! waggle wiggle !

‘ I have seen the world, and round it  
Journeyed much, and still have found it  
All the same, wherever I sound it,  
Wiggle waggle ! waggle wiggle !

‘ He, who waggles most, will surely  
Scull his boat the most securely  
To the port, and all by purely,  
Wiggle waggle ! waggle wiggle !

‘ That’s the way to win the graces  
Of fair forms and beauteous faces, —  
Wealth and honor and high places,  
Wiggle waggle ! waggle wiggle !

‘ That’s the way to stand in College  
High in “marks,” and want of knowledge !  
That’s the way for youth and all age,  
Wiggle waggle ! waggle wiggle !

‘ Man was waggled into being ;  
Wagging still his years are fleeing,  
Day and night alternate seeing,  
    Wiggle waggle ! waggle wiggle ! ’

---

## PART III.

‘ Oh ! thou glorious wagging tadpole !  
Thou hast taught my dark and sad soul  
Sweeter lessons than a glad bowl,  
    Wiggle waggle ! waggle wiggle !

‘ Whaillet of the watery bog !  
Wagging soon will make thee a frog,  
Croaking on some slumbering log,  
    Wiggle waggle ! waggle wiggle !

‘ Once thou wast a spawning egg ;  
Wagging brought thee tail and head ;  
Wagging soon will start a leg,  
    Wiggle waggle ! waggle wiggle !

‘ Silence thou hast never broken ;  
Croak nor peep hast never spoken ;  
Wagglng is the only token,  
Wiggle waggle ! waggle wiggle !

‘ Wagglng with thy ceaseless care,  
Thou shalt breathe the upper air,  
Green-frock’d, glittering, mudless fair,  
Wiggle waggle ! waggle wiggle ! ’

---

## PART IV.

‘ Typical of God’s creation,  
In thy three-fold transformation  
Man prefigured marks his station.  
Wiggle waggle ! waggle wiggle !

‘ First an embryo, infant man, —  
Onward, like a caravan,  
Wiggling up from plan to plan,  
Wiggle waggle ! waggle wiggle !

---

‘ On he soars, till lost to vision  
Earth recedes, and fields Elysian  
Into his soul’s eyes make incision !  
Wiggle waggle ! waggle wiggle !

‘ Man is but a polliwog, —  
Changed by death into the frog,  
Croaking on eternity’s log !  
Wiggle waggle ! waggle wiggle !

‘ Thou art small, but there are smaller  
Things than thee ; — the skies are taller  
Than the domes of tyrants all are ;  
Wiggle waggle ! waggle wiggle !

‘ What they are compared to thee,  
Thou ’rt to animalculæ  
Wagglng in a drop of tea !  
Wiggle waggle ! waggle wiggle !

‘ Thou perchance dost look on them  
With a proud significant “ hem ! ”  
Sputtering, wagglng to condemn !  
Wiggle waggle ! waggle wiggle !

‘ As a drop is to the sea,  
Time is to Eternity ; —  
Time and drops are all that be,  
    Wiggle waggle ! waggle wiggle !

‘ Parts compose the mighty whole ;  
Atoms make the planets that roll ; —  
Smallest, greatest is the soul !  
    Wiggle waggle ! waggle wiggle !

‘ Each performs his part allotted ;  
Leopards always will be spotted,  
Wise be wise, and sots be sotted !  
    Wiggle waggle ! waggle wiggle !

‘ Angel, man, and polliwog ;  
Heav’n and earth and watery bog, —  
All are wagglings and agogs !  
    Wiggle waggle ! waggle wiggle !’

---

## LX.

“ ‘T was nearly sunset ; when, like Moses coming  
From Sinai's top, behold, my mutual friend  
Descending from the hill ! His lips were humming  
Some rhapsody, how day and evening blend  
In their diurnal salutation ; and,  
Before my tongue could speak, he held me by the hand.

## LXI.

“ ‘ This is a soul-like puddle ! it doth seem,’  
He said, ‘ to bear me back to those young days,  
When, livelier than the spirit of a dream,  
I and my little sister played our plays  
Around a pond like this ! — Alas, she died ! —  
While yet a boy, ’t was thus my youthful numbers tried

## ‘ THE PASTURE POND.’

‘ Oft, half way up the pasture hill,  
Above my boyhood's home,  
To thee, sweet pond, — I see thee still, —  
My youthful feet would roam.  
How gladly did I hail the spring,  
When winter's snows were gone, —  
The cheerful spring that used to bring  
The grass upon the lawn !

‘ And when the gentle violet,  
Or mountain rockerill,  
Did first appear, at opening year,  
Upon the pasture hill ;  
How oft did we with merry glee,  
Myself and sister fond,  
Together stray, and wend our way  
Up to the pasture pond.

‘ Alas ! no more upon the shore  
Her little feet shall stray :  
She has gone to rest among the blest,  
No more on earth to play :  
But still I deem, or fondly dream,  
I wander with her yet,  
For scenes like those, till life shall close,  
I never can forget.

‘ A spreading beach and lofty oak  
Stood on the western side,  
Whilst high above, the maple grove  
Reflected on the tide :  
Here first the yellow cowslip sprang,  
And dandelions grew ;  
There first to sing advent of spring,  
Was heard the shrill cuckoo.

‘T was here the lambkins skipped and played  
 Upon the grassy brink ;  
 And from the grove, the looing drove  
 At noonday came to drink ;  
 Nor soon did we forgive the steer,  
 That pushed our cosset in —  
 The roguish steer — he paid full dear  
 For this unpardoned sin !

‘ We drew the frightened struggler out,  
 Upon the sunny shore ;  
 His fleece was wet, — our little pet  
 Ne’er saw such times before ! —  
 Here ’neath the shade our seats were made,  
 For study, rest, or play ;  
 And oft was spent in merriment  
 The live-long summer day.

‘ Here first I launched my little fleet ; —  
 How proud was I to see  
 The paper sails stretch to the gales,  
 And bound above the sea !  
 A sturdy acorn held command,  
 The smaller ones obeyed,  
 And grains of sand, when come to land,  
 The voyager’s passage paid.




‘ Not far above, and near the grove  
A grotto faced the south ;  
Deep in whose side did open wide  
A cavern’s awful mouth ;  
Where once the she wolf hid her young,  
Or black bear made his den,  
In times of yore, long, long before  
The woods were cleared by men.

‘ But yet we thought the cavern fraught  
With horrid monsters still,  
Which kept at bay, when we would stray,  
Too far around the hill.  
Yet thoughts like these were wont to please  
Our youthful fancies fond,  
And doubly dear did make appear  
To us, the Pasture Pond.’

## LXII.

“ ‘T is sweet, my friend,” I said, “ we early strung  
Our harps melodious ; but methinks I see  
Here, in thy hand, a new-born strain unsung  
Save by the great composer.” — “ It may be,  
My friend,” he said, “ that thou wilt deem me wild : —  
In Heaven the scene ; a Mother’s Meeting with her Child.



## LXIII.

“ Our spirits are like angels, and endowed  
With attributes. ‘The New Jerusalem’  
Hath its locality. The vasty crowd  
Of constellations, — Heaven enfoldeth them,  
Even as the atmosphere enfolds the globe : —  
Creation is the body ; Heav’n th’ encircling robe !

## LXIV.

“ And when the spirits of the just have gone  
To that celestial home ; ’t is sweet employ  
To wait, betimes, upon that unseen bourne,  
Hailing new-coming souls with hymns of joy.—  
My pencil hath but sketched a scene like this ;  
A Daughter greets a Mother on the shores of Bliss.

## D A U G H T E R .

‘ My mother ! is it thou ? O, welcome to  
This boundless world of joys ! We once again, —  
Even as thy lips prophetic told me dying, —  
Have met ! O, kiss ! O clasp me yet anew !  
Thou art my mother still, and, glorious thought,  
Shalt be forever !’

## MOTHER.

‘ Welcome ! my sweet daughter,  
Welcome, as when from cradled slumber waking,  
I fondly strained thee to my breast, and thou  
With smiling eyes didst raise thy baby arms  
And place them round my neck, — so welcome now! —  
Oh ! where are we, my daughter ? — ’Tis a glorious  
And most celestial spot ! And why art thou  
Untended and alone ? ’

## DAUGHTER.

‘ Repose we first  
On yonder golden couch, — not earthly gold,  
But far more precious than the diamond, pearl,  
And all the gems of earth, and cushioned over  
With living velvet, softer than the down  
Upon young angels’ wings — beneath the shade  
Of that celestial tree, whose fragrant blossoms  
Of heavenly dyes perfume the balmy breath  
Of the ethereal winds, — while from the fountain  
Of nectar and of love, that gushes up  
Hard by the roots, and forms a gurgling rivulet,  
I bring thee first the drink of angels, — then  
Will we discourse.’

## MOTHER.

‘ My daughter, angel, guide,  
How gladly will my footsteps wend their way  
Whither thou would’st lead, albeit I long to hear,  
Impatient of delay.’      (*They glide along.*)

## DAUGHTER.

‘ Behold ! already, —  
So swift and easy glide celestial forms, —  
We have reached the shade ! — Repose thee, while I bring  
A golden goblet from the nectar spring.’      (*Goes.*)

## MOTHER.

‘ Oh ! where am I ? — and in what blissful world ? —  
Glorious and most unutterable delights !  
Beatitude amazingly mysterious ! —  
Or am I dreaming ? — ’T is a lovely dream !  
Fain would I dream forever ! — How my senses  
Swim ! Ah ! it is no dream ; no mortal vision, —  
Even those by rapt and holy Prophets seen, —  
Was filled, like this, with strange realities,  
And yet so fanciful ! — The air is full  
Of music stealing through the inmost soul,

Along its trembling chords ; and every breeze  
Floats redolent of most delightful odors,  
Such as celestial groves alone emit :  
And I am wafted, as on seas of bliss ; —  
And yet I move not ! — Pillowed on a couch  
Than this more splendid and magnificent  
“ King Solomon, in all his glory ” never  
Reposed ! — She comes, my daughter ! ’

DAUGHTER.

‘ Mother, drink :  
For this it was, I tarried here alone, —  
For the recording angel’s trumpet spoke it  
That thou wast journeying to the realms of bliss, —  
To meet thee, first of all the heavenly host,  
And bid thee, welcome ! ’

MOTHER.

‘ By what magical power  
Am I transported hither ? — But an hour  
Ago, and I dwelt in an humbler world,  
Far different.

Mi  
Ar  
I  
WF  
V  
I

D A U G H T E R .

‘ Didst fall asleep, my mother ? ’

M O T H E R .

‘ Weeping around me stood the friends I loved ;  
Mine eyelids seemed to close ; my breath oozed out,  
And, wrapt up in a visionary slumber,  
I dreamed, that I was flying, and that thou  
Wast with me. — Is it so ? ’

D A U G H T E R .

‘ ’T is ever thus ;  
For Heaven to holy souls is a great magnet,  
Which, when the coils of flesh are shaken off,  
Draws and conducts the spirit onward, through  
The unfathomable seas of ether, home : —  
We fall asleep, — we dream, — we wake in Heaven ! —  
’T was here I found myself encircled by  
A band of cherub sisters, smiling, fanning  
Me with their delicate wings.’

M O T H E R .

‘ Thou, too, hast wings ! ’

## DAUGHTER.

‘ And thou ; wilt try them ? Listen ! lo ! they come !  
Dost hear ? — Even now, beyond the diamond arch,  
For thee and for thy safe approach, the choir  
Of cherubim and seraphim, the harp  
Of gold, the trumpet, sackbut and the dulcimer,  
And instruments as yet to thee unknown,  
With voices mingling, — swell the buoyant air,  
And echo through the groves and over the lake  
Whose crystal waters, beyond the reach of vision,  
In gentle rippings dance upon the strand  
Of orient pearls, of diamonds and of gold ; —  
Where oft I with my cherub sisters sport  
Weaving the mystic dance upon the shore,  
Or laving in the crystal waters, or  
Perchance bound over the waves in crystal skiffs  
Transparent as the diamond, and bedecked  
With gems and rubies, stones of every hue  
Enwrought in various shapes fantastical  
By angel hands ; while like the rainbow arch, —  
Which oft on earth thou pointedst out to me  
And told me what its wondrous beauties meant, —  
Our wafting sail attached to ivory mast,  
Expanding stretches to the wooing gale,

And ever and anon as in the air  
The canvass shifts, in sweet succession, come  
And go new images of strange device;  
While wafted thus we joy aloud to chant  
Melodious songs, or hang upon the lips  
Of our instructor, as he guides the skiff,  
And all the while unfolds to us amazed  
New glories and imparts instruction sweet! —  
Lo! nearer and more near, they come !'

## MOTHER.

‘ Oh! Heaven  
Has now begun! I hear the blissful sound  
Delectable! O, point me now to Him  
Who died, that I might taste of joy like this,  
My Saviour and my King; that I may bow  
And worship at his feet.’

## DAUGHTER.

‘ Behold! he comes !  
To guide thee thither let the task be mine;  
For once, unto the Shepherd of the fold  
The lambkin shall its parent lead.’



## LXV.


“ Ere this the sun had set ; the gate was closed !  
A thunder storm was gathering in the sky.  
Homeward we hurried, but the clouds imposed  
On us ‘ no drizzling shower ! ’ — Now wild and high  
The spirits of the tempest moved among  
The tree-tops, and the bellowing thunders found a tongue !

## LXVI.

“ There was a new-made tomb, wherein man never  
Had lain, it was the fairest in ‘ Mount Auburn ; ’  
Its door unhinged. By those who sleep forever  
In their long home, by skeleton and ‘ jawbone,’  
We pass the night ! — The awful thunders boom !  
Like goblins, lightnings dance, and light the ghastly tomb ! ”

## LXVII.

The Faculty arose, in mutual wonder !  
Already had they waited long ; the child  
Had not arrived ; — when suddenly the thunder  
Of omnibus is heard ! — They stand in wild  
Expectancy. — With trembling step in presses  
An Under College Officer, — and thus addresses :



## LXVIII.

“ Yes, Sirs ! the child bees very bad, this night !  
She could not come at-all at-all ! — he took  
Five pound of pills ! — he did ! — Oh ! ’t was a sight  
To see it crying-like, and hear him look  
So very ill ! poor child ! — I hope the mother  
Of it,—bad luck to her !—won’t under-the-pump another !”

## LXIX.

“ Gentlemen of the Faculty, let us  
Retire ;” with gentle tones the reader said ;  
“ The child unbrought, ’t is useless to discuss : —  
Let not our wives, like widows, press the bed,  
While we, with idle words, beguile the night ! ” —  
He said. Their homeward motions answered, “ it is right.”

## LXX.

Our five-weeks’ sport abruptly finds its close,  
Contracted by the great contractor, time ;  
My muse is weary, and she needs repose. —  
Sweet maid ! Ere long a journey more sublime  
We’ll take, perchance ! — Who knows, but we may give  
This book one canto more, with notes illustrative !

## NOTE TO THE GENTLE READER.

You may be  
Astonished at the unfinished end of this  
Romance : it is not strange ; but those, who see —  
And there are many learnèd witnesses —  
What way romances end in Cambridge, can  
Swear that mine is a perfect model of their plan.

ALL OF IT.

---

ERRATA.

Page 88, line 6, instead of "and in sin," read, and sin.

" 116, " 7, instead of "where those," read, where were those.

" 143, " 12, instead of "FLOWER'S," read, FLOWERS'.



100

100

100

100

100

100

100

100

100

100

100

100

100

100

100

100

100





